

# THE LIVING AGE.

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## THE FEUDSMAN.

(A Ballad of the Debateable Land,  
Circa. 1450.)

Oh! I fared forth from my father's  
house

Poor, naked, and alone,  
A tattered cloak and a rusty sword  
Were all I called my own,  
The wind that whistled o'er the heath  
It cut me to the bone:

But I turned my back on the kindly  
roofs,

My face to the open moor,  
And my last farewell was the ruddy  
light

That streamed from my father's door.

Oh! I came back to my father's house  
With spears on either hand,  
My charger blazed with gold and gems  
From shoe to chamfron band,  
My cloak was lined with the ermine  
fur

And jewels decked my brand:  
But my welcome home was a roofless  
hall

With a shattered shield on the floor  
And fire-marked walls that echoed  
back

The creak of the broken door.

So I gave my spears their quittance  
and fee

And sat me down with the gold  
That was paid in Byzant and Spania-  
land

For the blood and the blade I sold  
To rebuild again my father's house  
As it was in the days of old:

But I bade the masons leave their work  
And the joiners all go free  
Or ever the house was finished and  
done,

—And the things it lacked were three.

(Now 'twas Harry o' Hartsbane burst  
the door

And let the reivers in,  
'Twas Hugh of Hardriding couched the  
spear

That slew the last of my kin,  
And Watty of Wanhope fired the hall,  
God burn his soul for the sin!)

But the three things lacking are all  
made good

For a sign to the world and me  
That the price of my father's blood is  
paid,

—And the men who paid were three.

There was never a cap to the gable-  
end,

There was never a ring to the door,  
And within the hall lay a broken shield  
On the broken beams of the floor:  
But I swore to finish the work myself,  
And I finished it as I swore,

For Watty's skull is my roof-ridge cap,  
And the hand of young Hartsbane  
Is nailed to the door, and we buried  
Hugh

Where my father's shield had lain.

*J. H. Knight-Adkin.*

*The Spectator.*

THE OLD INN'S CHIMNEY-  
CORNER.

An old-world, quaint, begabled hos-  
telry—

Nay haunted if you will. These  
oaken beams

Saw the midsummer night of Shakes-  
peare's dreams,

The morn when menacing Spain found  
Drake at play.

Without, a fierce wind holds the rain  
at bay,

But here the firelight's ruddy wel-  
come streams

O'er tollworn forms, and on the pew-  
ter gleams

Where foams the bright brown ale of  
Arcady.

The cares of the brief winter day are  
o'er.

Now Hesperus brings his boons; the  
pipes are lit,

Fast flows the interchange of homely  
wit,

The talk of ten-mile-travels and wild-  
wood lore:

But one old senator whose locks are  
hoar,

For hours dreambound, has heard no  
word of it.

*John Anderson Stewart.*

*Pall Mall Magazine.*

## THE NOVEL AS A POLITICAL FORCE.

The people of the United States have suffered this year from one of those shocks to their moral and social system which at regular intervals disturb their self-satisfaction, and lead them to halt for a little from "the Sabbathless pursuit of wealth." Their conscience appears to work in jerks: for years it allows them without a murmur to countenance corruption in every department of civil life, and abuses in commercial and economic relations which would be tolerated in no other country; when suddenly a speech is made, a book is written, or a disaster occurs, and there is at once an immense revulsion of feeling. A fierce outcry is raised against the tyranny of Tammany Hall or the unscrupulousness of Trusts, and a feverish attempt is made to put their house in order. Such has been the effect recently produced by a novel, *The Jungle*, which, written by an almost unknown author, has roused the conscience of the whole nation. It seems to feel as one man that it is

Embedded in a world of greed  
Of mammon-quakings dire as earth's.

Much had been written in newspapers and reviews about the condition of the packing-houses in Chicago, but until this book appeared it was all quietly disregarded. Where journalism had failed, journalism mixed with fiction succeeded. Mr. Upton Sinclair has disfigured his book as a work of art by the introduction of big patches of impressionist description which are in no sort of connection with his story. It may be questioned whether the ugliness and squalor of his theme, and the utter brutality of the detail with which he has tricked it out, leave any scope for artistic treatment,

but in any case the pages of digression, in which we leave the story for sickening accounts of what purports to be the actual condition of industrial life at Chicago, are out of place in a novel. They are newspaper articles awkwardly foisted into the framework of fiction. Together with the functions, Mr. Sinclair has taken over some of the vices of a journalist; yet he might plead that the end justified the means, and that the American public could not be awakened to the evil around them without this crude and sensational presentation. Fed on sensation by its Press, it has become a slave to it.

If *The Jungle* is not remarkable as a work of literature, except for its crude horror and pitiless realism, its success as a piece of propaganda has been striking. An American critic has suggested that the pictures of Lithuanian peasants, sacrificed to the political and commercial corruption of Chicago, do not quite live, because they are used "to point a moral and adorn a tale"; but at least they were vivid enough to arouse a nation, and their effect is comparable to that produced on the slavery question half a century ago by *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

Here again it was a novel which was needed to reveal to the American people the canker at their heart. Their newspapers, which day by day pour out a stream of vulgar sensationalism, cry "Wolf!" so incessantly that they are not believed when they chance to tell the truth. Moreover, they are almost entirely in the power of the capitalist class, and cannot therefore play an honest or healthy part in one of the great questions of American politics, the relation of capital and labor. Their functions as critics of public life are left to the other great popular

form of literature, the prose story of real life, which moves public opinion by vivid pictures of events that are, in fact, taking place before the eyes of all, but which the narrowness of vision of the individual does not allow him to see. The novel indeed in America, and in England, is not merely the most important form of literature; it is also a political power of incalculable force, being one of the main factors in the formation of that opinion which in democratic countries is the real sovereign.

In England politics and religion are the two absorbing fields of discussion, and the novel which deals intimately with the real life of the people was bound in this country to concern itself with political ideas. Its "large and liberal form" makes it easy to set around the basis of the love story the reflections of the essay and the theories of the pamphlet, so that it becomes not only an impression but also a criticism of life. It is a slender line which separates criticism from reforming activity, and the ardent novelist full of a social cause or a political ideal can by his art give them a personal and imaginative setting, and arouse in their support the emotions of his readers.

Again, the average Englishman prefers his books of amusement to possess a moral or a political thesis. It suits his practical bent to combine some lesson or instruction with entertainment, to swallow the doctrinal pill when coated with the sugary covering of fiction; or, to put it in another way, to partake of the wholesome food of edification with the sparkling draught of romance. Add to this his dislike of abstract theory and his suspicion of a book which advocates a cause in a theoretical or a scientific way, and we can recognize how strong is the inducement for a writer who wishes to influence his generation to insert his

teaching or his appeal in a story of real life.

The English novel has inherited this social function from its first masters. When it arose, in the middle of the eighteenth century, it was not a mere love story: it claimed to be and it was accepted as a means of edification, for in those days prose literature which was not purely didactic required at least a serious purpose to justify it. In poetry alone could an author give free play to his fancy.

Samuel Richardson, the founder of the modern novel, always wrote under a sense of moral responsibility: destined originally for the Church, he consciously tried in his tales to supplement the work of the clergy, whom he considered remiss in their duties. His greater contemporary, Fielding, though he had nothing but contempt for the use of the novel as a vehicle of utilitarian morality and Church doctrines, was himself deeply interested in politics, and as a Bow Street magistrate he had come to learn some of the abuses which attended the administration of justice. While establishing the novel as "the prose epic of humanity," he realized its value as a political force, and showed that it could be made to express vividly the social and political abuses of the time. In the preface to *Amelia* he describes it as a book "designed to promote the cause of virtue," (a standing trait common to all novels of the period), "and to expose some of the most glaring evils which at present infest the country." The political conditions of the time made any sweeping reforms impossible, but from Fielding's day the novel has been the exponent of humanity, pointing out by example the injustices and narrowness of existing institutions, and leading on public opinion to a new order.

For a time, indeed, it seemed that the didactic would overpower the artis-



tic side, and that the novel would not establish its place as a form of fine literature at all, but would be reduced to the position of a political drudge. In the hands of the lesser contemporaries of Fielding, who show the didactic and practical tendencies of the times in exaggerated forms, it became a mere variety of journalism, a pamphlet on some temporary abuse, an attack on a government or an individual. And when the French Revolution came to stir the hearts and minds of all humanity, it was the novel which in England was the most popular vehicle for wild speculation on politics, religion, marriage, and education. The love story became a covering for the social treatise, a machine but thinly veiled for promulgating theories of government, conduct, and society. The speculations of Hobbes and Locke, of Rousseau and Condorcet were developed, distorted and emotionalized in crude works of fiction, written to arouse the feelings of people who had not the capacity or desire to make a study of political science, but who could be worked upon by imaginative literature to accept and agitate for ideas that they only half comprehended.

From this degradation the novel was raised to a higher place as an artistic form than it had yet enjoyed by the genius of Walter Scott and of Jane Austen, who introduced into it two powerful motives: romance, and the light comedy of manners. Prose fiction received a new artistic dignity at a period when the changing conditions of public life gave it an immense increase of political influence. From the beginning of the nineteenth century the middle classes gradually rise to the sovereign power, while Parliament becomes more and more submissive to public opinion. Together with the growing importance of the democracy in practical politics came the growing

importance of the democratic form of literature in spreading abroad political ideas. And the novel is essentially the democratic form of literature. Drama and poetry have always been for the educated minority; the single form of literary art which the masses habitually read is prose fiction. On the other hand, they do not read for the most part serious studies on politics and sociology; and they are not willing to go through intellectual toil in order to form their political views. Like Charles Lamb they put scientific treatises and Blue-books in the class of "Biblia abiblia"—books that are no books. The novel is at once their light and their serious literature. It can instruct while it amuses, and inculcate ideas while it tells a story.

Hence side by side with the newspaper, which expresses the more transient feelings, the novel has in the nineteenth century played the part of the Fourth Estate of the Realm, preparing, and then following, every great change of feeling, and reflecting every big political movement. It is possible then to read the inner history of the age in the pages of its novelists, for their function has been not only to provide amusement, but to formulate the feelings of the people; to show where hard laws oppressed, and how they could be modified; to spread a knowledge of their fellow-men to all classes, and to foster sympathy between them.

During the Victorian era the novel reached the meridian of its power in the hands of a brilliant group of writers. It was a time of great backgrounds, great causes, and great awakenings, when hopes ran high and the reforming spirit swept over England. In the bringing about of reform the novel took a prominent place. Some writers set themselves to attack specific abuses, others to change the whole political attitude of the nation. Charles

Reade, using the combined arts of journalist and novelist, inveighed against the conditions of prisons and private lunatic asylums, and the tyranny of trade unions, in novels which are today "like exploded shells buried under the ruins they have created." It was the pen of another novelist that more than anything else led to the abolition of debtors' prisons and the worst evils of the parochial and private school systems, and brought about the reform of legal procedure. But these were not the greatest services of Charles Dickens to his country; rather it was the spirit of humaneness and of love for their fellow-men with which he penetrated the whole mass of society, justifying the words of Lord Herschell about him, that he was "one of the best public servants the country ever had." For thirty years he was a "professor of humanitarianism in fiction," and in the great reaction against the policy of *laissez-faire* which arose in his generation and has continued into ours, he led the way for social legislation and social reconstruction. The novel of Dickens is a true democratic force, a literature of the people, for the people, by the people. Their sorrows and their hopes, their miseries and their injustices, were described by one of their own class. As Mr. Chesterton has said, Dickens wanted what the people wanted, and hence his writings became household books. Much can rightly be said about his mawkish sentiment, his unreal pathos, his fantastic exaggeration, and his vulgar caricature, but withal Dickens remains the greatest popular power in Victorian literature, and his influence over the political opinions of his own and succeeding generations was and is immeasurable.

It was in great part the remarkable effect of Dickens's novels in asserting a common humanity which led Charles Kingsley to adopt the same form of

literature in order to spread the kindred social ideas which he had at heart. While the emotions of the great Chartist meeting of April, 1848, were still boiling within him, he wrote *Yeast*, and nearly all his other novels were called out by some political crisis. Chartism, as a popular agitation, died on Kennington Common; Chartism, as a social influence, endured and found powerful and varying expression in the novels of four great writers of the age. Kingsley treated it as a Christian socialist, Disraeli as an imaginative politician, Mrs. Gaskell as a Christian woman, George Eliot, writing twenty years later, when reflection had taken the place of passion, as a social philosopher.

The propagation and the modification of the ideas of the Chartists in these books afford a striking illustration of the political force of novels. Chartism, which was in effect the first seed of Socialism in England, was a movement that sprang from the people, and could be influenced only by a form of literature which appealed to the people. For several years before Charles Kingsley wrote, Frederick Denison Maurice had perceived that the democratic movement in its essence was just and necessary, and had been striving to make it Christian. "The new element," he wrote in 1846, "is democracy in Church and State. Waiving the question of its evil or its good, we cannot stop it: let us Christianize it instead." To this end he wrote tracts, held meetings, and founded societies and working men's associations. But with all his earnestness and effort he failed to reach the masses of the people, and the agitation went on its violent course in spite of his appeal. Carlyle, who was writing at the same time pamphlets of unequalled eloquence about the same ideas, failed also to bring home to the middle and the upper classes the rottenness of the social

structure, and the need for human kindness in economic relations. His style surely was imaginative enough, but because he wrote essays he was regarded, or disregarded, as a theorist!

Charles Kingsley was a man of much less intellectual force than Carlyle, and much less spiritual force than Maurice; yet he was able to make their ideas living influences because he could touch the heart of the people in imaginative literature, which thousands read, while his masters wrote profounder books that only came into the hands of few. He lived to see the ideas for which he had pleaded so passionately, and which had aroused such a storm in the "Forties," tranquilly adopted in the latter half of the century. The revolutionary ideals of 1848 became the liberal ideas of the next generation; and the development of opinion was in no small measure due to writers who could appeal to all classes in the country, and arouse in their readers sympathetic emotions. It is for the politician to design the actual schemes of reform, while it is for the novelist to set in motion among the people those currents of feeling which determine in the first place their political ideas, and finally the policy of the country. George Elliot, writing of her own work, pointed out this as the true function of the novelist with a purpose:—"The rousing of the nobler emotions that make mankind desire the social right, not the prescribing of special measures, concerning which the artistic mind, however strongly moved by social sympathy, is not the best judge."

We have thus far seen how, in the Victorian era, the novel exercised a profound influence in spreading abroad more liberal, more humane, and more democratic ideas. But when we speak of the political novel in England, we at once think of Disraeli. He was the creator and the one great exponent of a new kind of fiction, for he was

the first to conceive the possibility of using the novel for Parliamentary politics, and turning it into a party engine. This he did by placing his scenes in political society, and making his stories illustrate the political history of his time. Disraeli applied the method of Sir Walter Scott to his own times, taking good care to interpret events in such a way as to further the interests of his party—and himself. We may doubt whether he had in his early years a deep enthusiasm for the cause of the people; he was anxious above all to advance his own position, and after a little sad experience in the House of Commons he saw that he must win the first steps by literature.

Why, then, the world's mine oyster,  
Which I with sword will open!

are the lines prefixed to *Vivian Grey*; if we substitute "pen" for "sword" we have the true intention of Disraeli. In *Coningsby* he declared that the printing-press is the chief political element of democracy, "absorbing in great degree the duties of the Sovereign, the Priest, and Parliament; it controls, it educates, it discusses." Accordingly he determined to propagate his political and social ideas in literature and in that form of it "which in the temper of his times offered the best chance of influencing opinion." *Coningsby* would be more effective than a hundred speeches, for it was a political manifesto issued far beyond the confines of his constituency, to the whole nation. If the House would not listen to him, Disraeli would appeal from Parliament to the country. He sowed his seed in fiction, and he reaped the harvest as a Minister. The ideas of the "Young England" party, which had hitherto been the property of a small group, became a popular force when set out in *Coningsby* and *Sybil*, while in *Tancred* the man who was to make Vic-

toria "Empress of India" and to startle Europe by the purchase of the Khedive's shares in the Suez Canal, prophesied his own coming and brought it nearer. In the fragment of his unfinished novel which was published in the *Times* last year, there appears a sentence which may be taken as a piece of self-revelation: "If anything is to be really done in this world it must be done by visionaries, by men who see the future, and make the future because they see it." These words are an epitome of Lord Beaconsfield's life. He introduced the novelist's imagination into his statesmanship, and the statesman's foresight into his novels, and he attained complete success in either sphere because he could make the future live for himself and for others. He is thus a unique figure in the political and literary history of England, our only example of the novelist-statesman and the statesman-novelist.

In his own day and since his time several writers have attempted to continue the genus of fiction which he created. But statesmen, or even politicians, who are novelists are rare, and he has had no true successor. Popular authors like Trollope in the last generation, or Mrs. Humphry Ward and Mr. Spender in ours, have known how to catch some of the local color of Parliamentary life and to produce entertaining accounts of political events, but they have not been able to design policies which would affect the opinions of their readers: they have added to the stock characters of fiction the gentle silver-haired prime minister, the energetic enthusiastic secretary, the shouting violent demagogue, but their books do not aspire to have, and certainly do not exert, a powerful force upon political ideas. Nor again is this influence to be found in the reflective and philosophical studies of Victorian politics which George Meredith has

given in some of his novels. *Beauchamp's Career* is indeed definitely a political romance, but it is so in a very different sense from *Coningsby* or *Tancred*. It contains the sage reflection after the event, rather than the keen vision into the future; but it has a political lesson, if not a political purpose, for it demonstrates by an imaginative presentation the difficulty of reconciling the zeal of the reforming temper with the conservative instincts of society. In other works Meredith has pleaded incidentally for political and social reforms, but partly by his excellences, partly by the waywardness of his style, he is not a writer who appeals to a large class, and he cannot be considered to affect general opinion to any extent. The political novel, as distinct from the novel of political color, did not survive its creator. But the social novel was a continuous force in Victorian literature, and beyond specific evils which it attacked and removed we can trace in the broad movement from Individualism to Socialism, and the growing power of public sentiment—which are the broad features of our political history in the last fifty years—the influence in moulding opinion of a form of writing which was continually appealing to the emotions on behalf of the downtrodden or helpless classes.

Though prose-fiction has become more and more the predominant kind of literature, it appears to-day to exercise a less powerful influence on political movements than it did in the last century, but this impression is somewhat illusory. It is true that we have not to-day any giants of fiction comparable with the great names of the Victorian era, and we have no writers who paint humanity so truthfully, or who can influence their generation so deeply as Dickens, Kingsley, or George Eliot. Still there are not a few novelists who reveal the inner history of our time and

interpret broad movements of which the nation as a whole is half unconscious. The spirit of the age is different; we have become scientific, and we no longer look for legislative panaceas or radical changes in human nature, but we analyze development, and trace the evolution of change. The scientific spirit has invaded the realms of fiction and has turned the novel of purpose into the novel of problem, the social novel into an imaginative study in sociology.

Foremost among the writers who have investigated in fiction the deeper movements which underlie modern politics is George Gissing; he devoted nearly all his life to studying and describing in vivid pictures "that germinating nether-world which is gradually creating the labor movement." In a series of books he exhibits *Demos* as it really is, with its virtues and its aspirations faithfully represented, its faults and its passions undisguised, while he more particularly depicts in action the development of Socialist agitation and notes its effects on various minds. It is in this direction that the novel of our time will have its chief function as a political force. The predominant trend of English politics is towards Socialistic measures, and the growing power in the country, as was seen in the last general election, is that of the industrial classes. What Thackeray once called the lazy, novel-reading, unscientific public will not study the problems of this new development in theoretical treatises or learned works of sociology; even if it did so, it would hardly be able to visualize the conditions and the problems there set out, and make them bear a real meaning. It is exactly this which the novelist can do for "the man in the street"; he can turn theories into people and problems into events, and by so doing bring them home to thousands who would otherwise remain ignorant

or unsympathetic. The great novelist is the intermediary between different classes: by arousing sympathy for the creatures of his imagination he gains it also for ideas and ideals which his readers had hitherto not known, or not understood. His power can be illustrated by an event like the Sweated Industries Exhibition recently held in London. Books and pamphlets and articles innumerable have been written about this economic evil; but they have failed to produce any active protest, because they cannot make vivid the conditions they describe, or call up a moving picture of misery. The exhibition was intended to effect this by showing the women and children engaged on their sweated tasks and the actual products of their labor. Even this has not the same force as a stirring novel, because it cannot equally select from experience and idealize it. The fiction is too obvious and undramatic: it is realistic but unreal. The spectators, too, do not feel the same emotion for the actual toilers on whom they gaze for an hour as for the imaginative characters of the novelist, who lays bare in all its pathos and sadness the wretched lives of the helpless victims and the cruelty of the system which crushes them.

The effect of *The Jungle* has shown that a novelist can still open the eyes of a people to a gross abuse which is being perpetrated in their midst, and rouse the conscience of the people against the tyranny of a selfish plutocracy. In an age when newspapers are falling more and more into the hands of a few capitalists, the writers of fiction may be frequently called upon to stir up feeling against particular evils, such as the scandalous practices of a Trust; but where there is a free and honest Press this is more properly its function. The passing events and questions of public life are for the journalist; the larger move-



ments which underlie them for the novelist. Nor is his function merely to spread abroad and win sympathy for the ideas which are at work in society. Through the creations of his mind he can modify them; he can test them by the touchstone of life before they have been tried by experience. Especially when there is a tendency to abstract theory, as in the case of modern Socialism, he can exercise a profound influence by showing at work, in an imaginative picture of human nature, those feelings and passions which the theorist has neglected. Disraeli has said somewhere that the English gentleman's habit of discussing politics for half an hour after dinner has preserved this country from revolutions; *The Nineteenth Century and After.*

to-day, when political power has shifted to another class, we require another safeguard against the crude programmes of demagogues, and this we may find in the treatment of political and social ideas by the masters of creative literature, who, appealing to different classes, can correct extreme views. It has been in the past, and it will be in the future, one of the chief functions of our great novelists on the one hand to disclose in their creations the inner meaning of social conditions and to humanize the theories of radical reformers, and on the other to hasten progress by forecasting its next step and moulding towards it the minds of their generation.

*Norman Bentwich.*

#### THE WORKING OF A FRENCH GENERAL ELECTION.

French politics must always puzzle the outsider who fails to grasp the nature of the differences that separate the many groups into which parties are divided. They are, to all appearances, so antagonistic to each other that amalgamation seems absolutely impossible. In the old days there were Legitimists who wished to return to the white flag of the House of Bourbon, Legitimists who rallied to the tri-color of the Republic, Orleanists, Bonapartists, Left Centre, Republicans pure and simple, Radicals, and Socialists. These various groups often united with their opposite extremes to turn out the Government of the day, and Ministries followed upon one another with startling rapidity. M. Jules Ferry was, however, able later on to hold office for two years with the help of the Opportunists; whilst M. Jules Méline was equally successful once he had formed a strong "Country Party" of "Progréssistes" Republicans, whose Protectionist leanings en-

abled them to depend upon the general support of the Right. The principle of Republican concentration did not come into force until 1889, when M. Waldeck Rousseau formed his Ministry. He induced a section of his own party, the "Progréssistes," to join the Left, the Radicals, the "Radicaux-Socialistes," and the Socialists, and form a Government of Republican Defence, consisting of such extreme elements as General de Gallifet on the one side and M. Millerand, the "Socialist hostage," on the other. This "Republican Bloc" has held together, with a few variations of little importance, down to the present day. On the other side the old parties, the Royalists, the Bonapartists, and those Catholics who, at the bidding of Pope Leo XIII., had rallied to the Republic, have joined with the Nationalists and those "Progréssistes" Republicans who were opposed to the anti-clerical policy of the "Bloc" in forming the Opposition.

These various parties remained as they were, divided into "Blocards" and "anti-Blocards," at the last General Election, with some slight differences. On the one side the Royalists and "Ralliés" united with those few Bonapartists who had not become Nationalists in forming the "Action Libérale," whose policy was one of resistance to all attacks upon the Church; whilst on the other the Socialists who had split up into Ministerialists and anti-Ministerialists reunited in April, 1904 as a separate party under M. Jaurès' leadership. There were to be no more hostages like M. Millerand in a "bourgeois" Ministry, and the Socialists were to resume their original independence. This attitude has been confirmed by the large Radical majority at the General Election, which makes the Cabinet independent of all Socialist support, and by the return of that old stalwart, M. Jules Guesde, whose strong personality exercises a restraining influence on the Ministerial tendencies of M. Jaurès.<sup>1</sup>

France differs from England in its internal organization, which places at the disposal of the Government of the day a vast machinery which more than counterbalances the "swing of the pendulum." The Minister of the Interior is represented in each "département" by the préfet and in each arrondissement by the sous-préfet, whose duty it is not only to act as official representatives of the Central Executive, but also to serve as political agents of the Ministry in office. They, in their turn, are kept in touch with all that goes on in each commune by the "délégués," a body of men who have no official position what-

ever, but who are rewarded for their good work either out of the Secret Service Fund or by the promise of a Government appointment. It may be alleged that M. Clémenceau undertook in March last that this system would be abolished; but there is ample evidence that they not only served an extremely useful purpose at the last General Election, but that they still continue to flourish. They keep the Administration in touch with the political leanings of their neighbors, and are able, when occasion arises, to barter the concession of some small Government patronage for the vote of the petitioner. This system creates a ramification throughout the whole of France, which supplies the Administration with vast means of exercising political influence and of bringing heavy pressure to bear at by- and at general elections.

This préfectoral organization owes its creation to the great Napoleon, who, however, had no occasion to use it for electioneering purposes. It was therefore not applied, in its extreme sense, until after the "Coup d'Etat" of December, 1851. The "Assemblée Législative" had to be chosen by universal suffrage, and that suffrage had to be guided into the desired channels. Elections were, it is true, declared to be absolutely free, but their freedom was only nominal. Opposition candidates were also invited to stand, but their action was hampered on all sides. Public, and even private, meetings were out of the question, for Opposition meetings could be dispersed by the police. All printers were under State control, and knew that if they printed anything that was unpleasant to the authorities their licenses could be withdrawn at any moment. The distribution of election addresses, political circulars, and leaflets came under the "Loi sur le Colportage," and was severely supervised. The liberty of the

<sup>1</sup> Since the above was written M. Clémenceau has formed his Cabinet, and appointed M. René Viviani, independent Socialist député for the 5th Arrondissement of the Seine, Minister of Labor. M. Jaurès has advocated an independent support of the new Government; but it is too soon to predict how long this will last.

Press was also under restraint. On the other hand, the official candidate was publicly recommended to the electors, and his campaign furthered in every way by the authorities. Constituencies were also shamelessly gerrymandered to prevent accidents, and the pressure was so strong that at the General Election of February 29, 1852, only eight members of the Opposition were returned, as against 253 devoted supporters of Louis Napoleon.

These tactics were followed by the Government at the General Elections of 1857 and 1863, but with diminishing vigor on each successive occasion. By 1869 the liberalization of the Empire had so increased that the pressure was very much relaxed, and the Opposition grew both in power and in numbers. In 1870 France was so thoroughly disorganized that little or no pressure was exerted from above, military services were considered before all others, and a Royalist majority was returned to the Chamber. In 1876 an ineffectual attempt was made to revive the principle of the official candidature; but it was unsuccessful, chiefly owing to the constitutional prejudices of the Duc de Broglie himself, and the Opposition triumphed all along the line. Since then each successive Government has shown an increasing tendency to exert its influence at the elections. True, there has been no attempt to revive the drastic methods of the Second Empire; but the French peasants' great ambition is to remain at peace with the Government, and the pressure at its disposal is amply sufficient to secure at least some continuity in the policy of the Cabinet holding office when the elections take place.

It must be remembered that there are some 680,000 Government officials in France, and that their obvious interest is to vote and canvass for the Ministerial candidate, if they wish to safeguard their own promotion. The

préfet's report on their merits has great weight, and they know that any influence they exert to secure the success of the official candidate must tell in their favor when a vacancy occurs. If the préfet does not interfere, the délégué is always on the spot, ready to supply the requisite information. Ample evidence was furnished during the "scandale des fiches" how every private personal detail relating to an officer in the Army was considered when his promotion was due, and that such questions as his habitual presence at or absence from church; the schools, whether lay, clerical, or Jesuit, frequented by his children; and the names and politics of his greatest friends, were important factors in determining whether he should get his step or be passed over. The story was then told of how 12,000 "fiches" or slips of paper were filled up throughout the country, in answer to the series of questions put at the instigation of the "Grand Orient" of France. The same policy now permeates the whole civil service, and the claims of a Government official must be absolutely irresistible to enable him to disregard these reports upon his political and religious views. Beyond this, the right to sell stamps and tobacco, the positions of road-mender, of schoolmaster, or of postman, depend upon the good word of the préfet, the sous-préfet, and especially of the délégué.

Colonel Rousset, late Republican Nationalist Deputy for the Meuse, gave a graphic description of the power wielded by the délégué in a letter to the "Gaulois" of 16th May:—

One knows from other sources that the laborer who loses an animal by accident or through sickness has a right to State assistance. This is, alas! but a theoretical right, and one to which the Government pays no attention unless on good security. I see here the "visa" of the eternal "délégué."

The case is similar where soldiers wish to obtain leave so as to get in their harvest, to go home on long furlough, or where postponements are desired for members of the territorial army or of the reserve. Pensions to old soldiers are dealt with in a similar fashion. All these favors are given in abundance to supporters and refused without mercy to political opponents. Since General André has withdrawn from the military authorities their right of appeal, to give it exclusively to the préfets, these favors which in most cases ought to be an absolute right have been transformed into political weapons of the most abject and disgraceful character. I need hardly add the shower of such decorations as the "palmes académiques," the poireaux (mérite agricole), and the long-service medals which fall upon chests carefully chosen, sometimes to the great amazement of the recipients themselves, who ask themselves what can be their right to such distinctions. . . . All this is slow but sure corruption, against which neither principles, programmes, nor even the course of events, can prevail. One can hardly be surprised if it puts an end to the most devoted efforts and paralyzes everywhere the best of goodwill.

Beyond this, powerful interests know that their success or failure often depends upon their political convictions. A village or a town wants the extension of a local railway, the opening of a road, or the construction of a bridge. Parliament has almost unlimited power in these matters, and parliamentary support is given to those who are politically loyal. To take an instance: In 1902 the town of Moutiers, in Savoy, wished to secure a railway to Bourg-Saint-Maurice. The Government gave the people to understand, a fortnight before the election, that their decision hung in the balance, and that the determining factor would be the return of M. Empereur, who was a supporter of M. Waldeck Rousseau's Cabinet.

Needless to say, he was elected by a majority of 1169 votes.

In the face of all this pressure, a candidate finds more and more difficulty in fighting against this official hierarchy and influence unless he has untold wealth at his command or can rely upon the strong political convictions—whether socialist or clerical—of his constituents. Much greater political freedom exists in the large towns, and in those rural constituencies whose population is sufficiently dense to make them more or less independent; but the position of the Ministry is almost unassailable in two-thirds of rural France.

Then again, it must be remembered that subordinate Government officials have often considerable influence in their way. They can, without betraying their trust, render valuable services to their neighbors. The village postman is a most useful canvasser. He is the confidential secretary of the illiterate voter. When his son is away on military service, he writes to him at the parents' dictation, and reads his reply to them. He also keeps those who live in outlying districts in touch with the great world beyond, by retailing all the news. When he brings the voting-paper, he can put in a word for his own candidate: "*Celui là, c'est le bon.*" More need not be said, for he is an important personage, and must be conciliated. The political leanings of these illiterate voters are also very indefinite, and they wish to make him some return for all his kindness to them. He, on his side, wants promotion or higher pay, and it goes without saying that he almost invariably works for the Ministerial candidate. It has often been said that France is the most Ministerial country in Europe, and this is eminently true of its agricultural constituencies. The Comte de Paris once asked a strong supporter what were the political sen-

timents of his "département." "Monseigneur," was the reply, "once your Majesty has been proclaimed King of France, it will be the most loyal supporter of your Royal House."

The Opposition candidate is therefore most materially handicapped in his fight against a supporter of the Ministry; but if he is prepared to work hard to get himself thoroughly known, and above all to make friends, his position is by no means hopeless. In most cases he comes forward a few weeks or months before the election, and the constituency has by then made up its mind. Organization is not so effective as it is with us. The Frenchman objects to be organized, and, in most parts of France, political associations and clubs have little or no influence. In many constituencies the paid registration or political agent is unknown. Until 1874 the register was made up by the mayor alone; but he is now assisted by a representative of the préfet and a representative of the municipality. The revision takes place during the first ten days of each year. A voter whose name has been struck off the register, or whose claim has been disallowed, may appeal to the commission which has done so; but on this occasion it is reinforced by the addition of two more members of the municipal council. A further appeal lies in the "juge de paix," whose decision may be reviewed by the "Cour de Cassation." Revising barristers are unknown, and it therefore occasionally happens, especially in the South, that there are more voters on the register than there are male residents in the district.

A candidate without any organization of his own is seriously handicapped, but even without Government influence he may yet beat a strong Ministerial Deputy, as was done by the Prince de Tarente at the last General Election in the fourth arrondisse-

ment of Bordeaux. The two great factors in the Gironde are the "Petite Gironde," the Opportunist paper, and the "France du Sud-Ouest," which runs the Socialist and Radical-Socialist list. The Prince de Tarente, eldest son of the Duc de la Trémouille, was on neither of these lists, and was actively opposed by the "Petite Gironde," whose proprietor was a great friend of M. Romain Videau, the sitting member. The Prince de Tarente had personally no interests in the constituency, beyond having married the daughter of the proprietor of Château Margaux, and he was unknown to the vast majority of the electors. His first step was to stand for the municipal council of Margaux, where his wife's family influence, assisted by great personal popularity, secured his return by a large majority. His election as mayor of Margaux was an obvious sequel. He then stood for the "Conseil d'Arrondissement," and through these two contests made many friends and acquaintances. From this time onwards his work was steady and continuous. He spent six months every year at Château Margaux, leaving home at eight o'clock every morning in his motor, and only getting back at six o'clock in the evening. At the outset of his campaign all the wiseacres regarded his prospects as hopeless, for he was a stranger, and it was assumed that the local Republicans would distrust one of his name and birth. As time went on people realized that he was genuinely in earnest. France is the home of the travelling tradesman. Bakers wander from house to house, leaving their long rolls of bread, whose numbers they cut upon a wooden tally as they deliver them; and tailors take their patterns with them and measure their customers at home. Besides these there were coal-merchants, pedlars, and the agents of co-operative socie-



ties, whose friendship he was able to win. All these men proved to be invaluable canvassers. He often gave them a lift, and waited outside in his motor whilst they sang his praises indoors and got the voter to allow them to introduce him. When the election was at hand he divided his constituency into three parts—the suburbs of Bordeaux, the “Landes,” and the vineyards. Each one of these divisions had different interests, and was therefore handed over to a different agent. In addition, he secured the assistance of a journalist who brought out a daily paper in his interest, and of a private secretary who not only attended to his correspondence but acted as his representative when necessary. He was not allowed to hold political meetings so-called until within a few weeks of the General Election; but this did not prevent him from giving lectures on economic or historical subjects, at which a question might be put to him by an elector on a question of more immediate political interest, without transgressing the law. Although he stood as a Republican, he did not receive any support from the Government; for his chief opponent was not only the sitting member, but a Ministerialist and a Freemason. Beyond this, the most marked difference between the two candidates was that the Prince was a Free Trader, who wished to return to the system of commercial treaties in the interests of the winegrowers, whilst M. Videau was a strong Protectionist. The *préfet* took no active part on either side, as both candidates were Republicans, and the Prince de Tarente was not running in active opposition to the Government; but M. Videau, the sitting member, was able to claim as a Freemason the hearty co-operation of all the subordinate officials, the “*délégués*,” and the masonic lodges. The Prince de Tarente worked steadily and unremit-

tingly for three whole years. During the last six weeks he had not only a meeting every evening, lasting often from 8.30 or 9 until past midnight, but spoke at all hours on the Sunday. This was bound to tell in the long-run, and he was eventually returned by a majority of 200 votes over his Radical, Radical-Socialist, and Radical competitors, the sitting member coming next, in a minority of 1800 votes. Since his return he has not only steadily supported the Government, especially against the Socialists, but he has continued his work in the constituency. This general support of the Government gives him some claim to Ministerial acquiescence in the future. As a Royalist or as a Conservative he would probably have been beaten; but he gives ample guarantees to the property-vote that one who has his stake in the country will consider their interests, and their support is secure. His position is therefore unassailable, and it is very probable that were there an election to-morrow he would have a majority of several thousand votes as against all comers.

The moral is not far to seek. If a Freemason can be beaten in so Ministerial a constituency by an independent opponent, a Conservative who is prepared to do hard continuous work in an urban constituency, or in a rural district where the population is independent of Ministerial influences, may by steady plodding win a seat, hitherto regarded as hopeless; but nothing will be done to destroy the force of the Republican “*Bloc*” until the Opposition realizes that no victory can be won by spasmodic spurts, or by choosing their candidates hastily on the eve of the poll. In those exceptional cases where a candidate begins his canvass a couple of years in advance, and works without giving himself any rest, wonders can be achieved, even by such a Royalist as the Marquis de Pomereu at

Rouen, where he has converted the most Radical division of the town into a Conservative stronghold, and was returned at the last election by a majority of 5502 votes.

The actual work of the election, during which purely political meetings can be held, is compressed into the three weeks preceding the poll. A political meeting is a very formal business indeed. Outside election time two electors must give either the mayor, or, in large towns, the "préfet de police," twenty-four hours' notice; but once the contest has begun, two hours' notice is enough. Women and children rarely attend except when the meeting is in the open air. In many cases no one is admitted unless he can produce his "carte d'électeur," and meetings are therefore as a rule far more orderly than they are with us. Once the meeting has assembled, either the candidate or a supporter may appoint, or the meeting itself may elect, the chairman, two assessors, and a secretary. These four officials constitute the "bureau," and are responsible for the maintenance of order. Where the meeting elects its bureau this is generally done by acclamation. If there are several favorites the strongest lungs carry the day. These meetings are occasionally "contradictoire," and the opponents are invited to hear the candidate and reply to him. When their time comes each one of them raises his hand in turn and says, "Je demande la parole." The "réunion contradictoire" is a wonderful institution in its way. Though passions run high, especially in the South, these meetings are as a rule very orderly, for the audience really wishes to hear the speakers. There are naturally a few interruptions, but they are generally suppressed. A witty interruption is of course always popular. Thus at Bordeaux there were two candidates for one of the divisions: M. Chau-

met, a writer on the staff of the "Petite Gironde," and M. Grossard, a local barrister. M. Chaumet was being carried away by his native enthusiasm, when one of his supporters drawled out with his southern accent, "Ne te fati-gue pas, Chaumet, tu vas passer." M. Grossard followed, and the same old man stopped one of his most eloquent passages with "Ne te fati-gue pas, Grossard, tu ne vas pas passer"—a forecast which was justified by the event. On another occasion the writer assisted at a "réunion contradictoire" at Toulouse. At 8.30 the "Café" was packed from floor to ceiling, so much so that it was almost impossible to get in. The three candidates followed one another in proper order. The Socialist was well received, for it was his own meeting. The Progréssiste, who came next, was very long-winded and constantly repeating himself. Some enthusiasts got excited; but they were silenced by the audience, who told them that if he was not given fair-play he would go on speaking until four in the morning. The Radical-Socialist, the ablest of the three, concluded the proceedings at half-past one in the morning. There was no disturbance of any kind, though feeling ran high and drinks were served all through the evening.

Tradition has always favored orderly meetings, but disturbances will occur, especially in the South and in the mining districts. In these cases, when the meeting has got absolutely out of control, the bureau may appeal to the mayor or the "préfet de police" to uphold order. This official then ascends the platform and puts on his scarf of office. He thus becomes the representative of authority and may call in the military to clear the room. Any one who refuses to obey orders is then liable to arrest and imprisonment. It must be added that the absence of

children is most effective in securing a fair hearing for all speakers.

The elections all take place on the same day, always on a Sunday. First the bureau, consisting of the mayor or other presiding officer and his assessors, is constituted. Each voter has to produce his "carte d'électeur," and his name is sought on the register. He then drops into the ballot-box either a blank sheet of paper on which he has written the name of his candidate, or one on which the name has been already printed. The successful candidate must not only poll a majority of the votes actually recorded, but even where there is no contest he must secure one-sixth of the total number of votes inscribed on the register. If he fails in either of these respects, he must face a second ballot on the Sunday next but one after the first ballot. This is generally fought between the two candidates who have recorded the largest number of votes on the first occasion, the other candidates usually asking their supporters to give their votes this time to the one for whom they have most sympathy.

There may be less organization in France previous to an election, but far more energy must be displayed on the day of the poll to secure perfect fair-play. Frauds are by no means unusual; indeed it has often been said, "*Le midi est le pays de la fraude électorale.*" Ballot-boxes have been stuffed with fictitious votes, and this practice is facilitated by the use of blank voting-papers which cannot be checked by reference to the counter-foil. The voter gives his name, it is true, to be verified; but in large constituencies and in great centres of population this is by no means easy. Personation agents are absolutely essential; but this is not all. Every stage of the voting and counting must be watched. In some cases, notably in that of Carmaux, all the watching

in the world proved superfluous. The seat of M. Jaurès, the Socialist leader, was in jeopardy, and the Mayor of Carmaux took every care to secure his return. On a previous occasion it was suspected that the ballot-boxes had been stuffed, and the Marquis de Solages had his friends on the spot to prevent the repetition of this trick. The mayor was, however, too clever for the local Conservatives. He refused to open the poll until the military had arrived, and then cleared the room. The poll was then kept open until far beyond the legal hour. The Conservative candidate had all his counters present in the room, but not one of them was allowed to act, and the counting was done by his political opponents.

Although M. Jaurès had made himself extremely unpopular in his constituency, and was defeated in the great majority of his polling districts, the suspicious unanimity of the town of Carmaux over-rode the hostile majorities elsewhere. The result was made all the more questionable by the action of the majority of the Chamber, which refused to allow any inquiry to be held into the conduct of this election. Many other instances might be furnished, but the evidence is not always so conclusive. Complaints are innumerable, but the fact that they have to be decided by a party vote prevents them from being put to an open test, which would be conclusive one way or the other.

Each candidate's election must not only be declared valid by the bureau appointed by the Chamber to inquire and take evidence, but this decision must be confirmed by the Chamber itself. In many cases partiality is exhibited, for the temptation to confirm the elections of supporters and to annul those of opponents is very great. Even where the bureau has declared an election valid, the Chamber may reverse its decision. This happened in

the case of Count Boni de Castellane, whose election had been thoroughly sifted by the "bureau." They had dismissed the charges against him as trivial and ratified his election. He had, however, incurred the enmity of a certain section of his own party and of some of the more independent members of the House, who did not turn up to support him. Though the decision of the "bureau" was upheld by many of his opponents who wished to see some semblance of fair-play, he failed to secure the requisite number of votes to retain his seat. Since then he has gone back to his constituency, who have materially increased his former majority. It must, however, be recognized that, notwithstanding the existence of glaring abuses, there have been cases where the election of opponents has been ratified and even those of supporters annulled, but the latter is not very common. Impartial Frenchmen still wish for some reform in the present procedure, and

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the reference of election to a fairer tribunal than a partisan majority.

I have endeavored to summarize some of the most salient features of a French General Election. We may congratulate ourselves that we are not as other men, and that our parliamentary system enjoys all the advantages of long precedent through centuries of constitutional development; but we are by no means perfect. We may argue that in many respects we furnish our Continental neighbors with an admirable example of how general elections ought to be organized and fought, how votes should be recorded and their verdict determined; but it is never too late to learn from others. All impartial observers will find blots in their own procedure, which can only be removed by studying the practice of other countries, and adopting those improvements and advantages of which they give us from time to time salient examples.

*V. Hussey Walsh.*

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### PICTURESQUE INDIA.

How much one hears of it! How constantly the tongues of the most imaginative men run upon the glamor of the East, the indescribable charm which its ruins, its quaint rivers, its rural scenes, its cities, its peoples, have for the West!

And yet India is unfavored by nature. Save in its mighty northern fringe of Himalayan hills, and some parts of that skeleton framework of lesser mountains, which, as it were, hold the vast continent—larger than all Europe, excluding Russia—together, it is an ugly country. Hundreds of thousands of square sand-dry desert; hundreds of millions of acres of uninteresting agricultural land rising at its best to the æsthetic beauty of, let

us say, the wheat flats of Essex. That is India.

The impression it made more than six hundred years ago upon the mountain-bred Emperor Baber, poet, knight, artist, conqueror, is the impression it makes upon the mountain-born of to-day.

"The country and towns of Hindustan," he writes, "are extremely ugly. All its cities and lands have a uniform look; the greater part of it is level plain."

How many Englishmen, still more Scotchmen, have echoed this verdict in their hearts and attempted to console themselves, as he consoled himself, by adding that its chief excellence is "that it is a big country, with plenty of gold and silver."

And yet who can deny that, as a whole, India has its inexpressible charm; that it grips the imagination and holds it content?

How is this?

How in a land, in which, to put it crudely, as the arch-impressionist Baber puts it, "the people are not handsome, where they have no idea of friendly society, where there are no good horses, no good flesh, no good fruits, no ice or cold water, no good food or bread in the bazaars, no baths, or colleges, or candles, or torches—above all, never even a candle-stick," does it come about that even the alien heart of a retired Englishman clings to the memory of it—that, after it has released the body, it claims the soul?

The spell is there. In what does it lie? Surely in what may be called the religiosity which underlies the simplest fact of Indian life. Here is small appeal to the present, no appeal to the future of man, but an unending one to the mysterious Past; a ceaseless effort to see in the "great gray, shapeless mist which surrounds the world of creation" some hint of what was in the Beginning.

What is the great Secret? How may it be found?

These two questions cry aloud from one end of India to another, differentiating it absolutely from the West, giving even to the most trivial scene that touch of imagination without which picturesqueness is not.

\*I have in my mind's eye, as I write, a very ordinary scene, such as may be met with every day during the rains. A low-lying bit of land which all the winter through has lain scored and seamed by mud-cracks, or at best holding but a mere pool of muddy, stagnant water. Now it is a silver lake. The palms, for long months denizens of the desert, rise out of the water in tiny inlets, or stand upon its edge re-

flecting their feathery leaves and great bunches of agate-hued fruit in its smooth surface. Out of great green patches, where the water dewdrops slide and run races with every breath of breeze, the sacred lotus raises itself pink and white, stately, reserved, hiding its jewelled seed-casket from vulgar eyes. The sun rises swift, serene, behind the distant levels, the only sound is the rustle of the reeds as a pair of hidden sheldrakes move further from intruding humanity. And then, suddenly, the splashing sound of water falling on water, makes you look towards it, and there, waist-deep in the pool, stands a man with bowed head, and you know that every fibre of body and mind is echoing the old majestic appeal for patience, with which India waits for the true dawn when all things shall be made manifest.

"Tat savit narenyam bhargo devasya ihti-madi dhyo yo-naha pracodayat."

So in an instant the rising sun becomes the Sun which will one day rise upon the world, the lotus-flowers unfold, showing their hidden jewel, and the whole picture remains in the memory cut like a cameo, beautiful, changeless.

And many another similar scene leaps to my mind as instinct with a similar swift appeal to the invisible, the free, the unknown, which is everywhere clothed by outward form.

How much does not the changeless monotony of an Indian plain of field and fallow, clumped woods or spare trees, reed huts or mud hovels, owe to the thin blue spiral of smoke which rises at dawn from some village burning-place to tell that during the night some soul has found an answer to the riddle of life? The rude red imprint of a hand upon the door lintel does more than give a potent patch of color to the woman who stands suckling her infant beside it, and the very caste-marks to be seen on the foreheads of



all Hindoos give mysterious unknown variety to the faces that pass one in a crowd. The horizontal mark and the perpendicular, symbols of water and fire; these two in endless combination tell that man is born of the one and goes to the destruction of the other.

Can anything, for instance, be more picturesque in the literal meaning of that term than death in India, seen as it often is out under the stars or set in the glories of sunset? The dying laid out on Mother Earth to breathe the last breath into her kindly Bosom, the mourners seated round ready to break from their ceaseless murmur of "God! God!" into the wail, "Naked he came, naked he has gone." That in itself is sufficient foreground for every scene or sight in this world, but when one has to add to this the knowledge that the prayer of the passing soul is not for mercy, is not indeed for individual resurrection at all, then the background of the whole universe is not too large for this dying life.

"O mind! remember! Remember thy deeds! Mind! remember!"

This curious desire for remembrance, this strenuous unceasing appeal not to any perfection, or hope of personal perfection in the future, but to that perfection which was in the beginning, is the keynote of all India. It lingers everywhere. Even in the mosques, the mausoleums of the Great Moghul's building though the creed of the latter held no such philosophy of life and death—the genius of the soil of India asserts itself, and Eternal Peace seems to lurk behind, even in the resounding dome of the Taj, or the mighty arched aisles of the Mosque at Delhi.

I have seen the latter filled and running over with a multitude of men—some thirty thousand or more—assembled together for the yearly thanksgiving of Eed-ul-Fitr, which closes the Ramzan fast of forty days, and which may be compared to our Easter. It

was a marvellous sight, in truth, to see the great, square, cloistered courtyard, which spreads itself before the lofty domes and springing arches of the mosque proper, literally carpeted by the multi-colored turbans of the packed crowd. Looking down, as I did, from the high eastern gateway, not a vestige of humanity was visible; only these close-crushed patches of harmoniously confused colors standing in serried ranks like the stitches in some rich old Persian rug. Still more marvellous was it to see these serried ranks sway as corn before a wind at the words of the "King's Prayer and Praise" (the only service at Eed time), which was being declaimed by a white-robed mullah from the khutbah steps, and bend, kneel, touch the ground with their foreheads and recover standing position as if animated by one unswerving will; all the more marvellous because, owing to the curious vibrating sigh which rises even from the most silent of crowds, not one word of that prayer and praise could be heard by the outward ear. And yet when, in some five minutes, all was over and the crowd began to disperse, the hurrying mass of men, breaking up into smaller and still smaller groups, looked like contemptible flies, escaping from the rose-flushed marble which they had mistaken for a corpse. So they passed, leaving behind them the undiscovered secret over which the soul of humanity still wails as it wailed in the vedic days when the poet sang—

Who knows? who knows whence all things issued forth?

The very gods themselves came afterwards;

He knows, who rules the world, and yet, perchance,

He knows it not.

The daily life of the people, too, holds in it the same element of suggestiveness.

The woman in her russet-red draperies with the pile of russet-red pots upon her head is in herself picturesque; but she is more than that in the conviction which comes upon us as we see her supple form outlined against that distinct blue horizon which is India, that here we have, day after day, year after year, æon after æon, the old eternal parable of the pitcher that goes to the well only to be broken in the end.

With this thought in our mind let us pass out to the pile of broken pots-herds beyond the village. It has grown through the long, long years into something which in those dead levels is no mean hill. Beside it, close to his kiln, sits the potter, his wheel turning as it has turned for centuries.

What a crowd of proverbs concerning the potter flock into the mind at the sight of the old man bending over the clay.

"The potter makes, but the world fills."

"No pot will burn and give out true note,

Till fate, at the potter, has cut its throat."

"The clay may be soiled and the potter mean,

The Water of God will both clean."

These and many more testify to that touch on the Unseen in which lies glamor.

And even when we leave all this, leave the rock-cut temples, the ruined stupas, the crumbling fortresses, and the thousand and one picturesque incidents of daily life in country or city, which crowd in on vision as we journey through India and turn to Nature, it is to find that even here, monotonous, nay! ugly, as she may seem, the same appeal to the past, to something which has gone before and has been forgotten, haunts us. The very flatness of the plain speaks of a vanished sea,

and the wide arch of heaven, unbroken by hill or tree, shows us the "fulness of the old stars."

But perhaps the most picturesque thing which I have ever seen in India, using that word in the sense of something which remains as a picture in the mind's eye, is the far-famed Cave of Amarnâth, which is hidden far away among the glaciers of Holy Himalaya. I had heard so much about it; for two days as we journeyed towards it I had met on their backward way the pilgrims returning from it.

Aye! and, half-buried in a snow-drift here and there, I had seen those who had fallen by the way, dead of exposure, cold, starvation: for the season of pilgrimage was nigh over, and hasty winter, in those high altitudes of 16,000 and odd feet, was coming fast in the footsteps of the lingering spring, which had but just passed into a week or so of transient summer. It had been strange to note the faces of those stricken ones; those turned towards the unreachd Cave, so full of care and stress; those turned homewards again, peaceful, contented.

For perfect forgiveness of sins awaits the sinner at the Cave.

So by stupendous cliffs, ice-bound rivers, and finally the stiffest snow-slope I have ever attacked, we came at last upon Amarnâth. And, lo! there was nothing, or nigh to nothing, to be seen.

A shallow hollow in a gypsum rock. A frozen spring rising dome-shaped from the chalky floor. A rude boulder roughly shaped in the image of a bull and daubed with red.

That was all outwardly. But within, unseen, yet dreamt of, how much?

The cry of many men who have sought and have not found, the cry which echoes down through the ages to our own times, the cry—

To what God shall we offer sacrifice?

We of the West consider the question over our cigarettes.

The Indian will not even blow upon a burning light or fire to extinguish or re-ignite it, lest by so doing he might defile the Light that is some day surely coming to light the word.

*The Fortnightly Review.*

Herein lies the true picturesqueness of India.

Let us wait for the desired Light of the Inspirer; may it lighten our lives!

*F. A. Steel.*

## AMELIA AND THE DOCTOR.

### CHAPTER V.

#### LORD RIVERSLADE'S DAUGHTER.

When Colonel Fraser left him, Lord Riverslade shrugged his shoulders slightly. It was a habit he was supposed to have acquired when he was a minister at some foreign Court, and we in Barton thought that it gave him no little distinction. "It is a pity," he said to himself, as he looked thoughtfully at the carefully trimmed nails of his delicate hands, "that doing one's duty is always so very disagreeable. It was my duty to make it clear that I did not wish that poor girl to come here. It was a simple duty that I owed to Sophy. It would be impossible. I seem to be always doing my duty towards Sophy. I wish she would more often think of her duty towards me."

Lord Riverslade had the conviction, shared by him with many other parents, that Providence had been singularly unkind to him in the matter of his children. There were but two of them, and so far he was not disposed to deem that he had been ill treated. He might, as he reflected with terror, have had a dozen. But the two that he had were not all to him that they might have been. It was this deficiency that his lordship felt so poignantly. The two were the errant Robin, who had run off with the Colonel's daughter, and within a few years had laid his sinful young bones to

their last rest in the Antipodes, and there was Sophy, with her father still, sometimes the joy of his heart, always the delight of his eyes, but sometimes also a very thorn in his side. At such times Lord Riverslade would say of her often—to himself, be it understood, for his invariably perfect manners would have forbidden him saying such a thing to an audience—"She is the devil incarnate"; and sometimes, if he wished to be more drastic in his comment still, "She is her mother re-incarnate"; for in saying this, it seemed to Lord Riverslade that he was saying a far more severe thing than before.

The truth is that in allying himself to the late Lady Riverslade his lordship had furnished yet another illustration of the homely proverb so often quoted with reference, by analogy, to human nature, especially in the matrimonial relationship, that oil and water will not mix. The late Lady Riverslade was a Creole, and though we in Barton had always previously imagined that a Creole was a person having some infusion, possibly very slight, of negro blood, it had been explained to us very fully and very often that this was an idea wholly mistaken. A Creole is, in reality, a person of Latin race who has been born in the West Indies, in South America, or in one of the Southern States of the Union. That was the definition that we were taught to accept of the term, and it was a definition which included the

case of Lady Riverslade, who was of Spanish origin and had been born in or near Monte Video. There Lord Riverslade had met her when he first went out as an attaché in the Diplomatic Service. He had fallen in love, not unnaturally, with her beauty and fascination, and married her. For a month after his marriage he had deemed himself the most fortunate of mortals, and during the whole course of his subsequent life he imagined himself the most ill-treated by fate. The months that followed that *lune de miel* perhaps shattered once and forever Lord Riverslade's youthful illusions, for to see him as we did at Barton it was difficult enough to believe that he had ever cherished any. Lady Riverslade's temperament was typically of the South, pleasure loving, beauty loving, artistic, impulsive, all that is to be expected of a Latin race nurtured in a country with a climate far more languorous and sensuous than that of Southern Europe. Then this creature, opulently beautiful, with the lustrous dark eyes and full red lips of the South, was brought home to a foggy Western English climate, wedded to an English nobleman of the most primly conventional type. Here were all the elements of a very effective discord, and the tune to which life at the Castle went was discordant in the extreme.

Nevertheless it is possible that Lord Riverslade really did care for his wife, as much as he was capable of caring for anybody except himself, for after her death Mrs. Copman said that she noticed a distinct change in him. He grew even more cold and cynical. A terrible saying at some London club was attributed to him, of which report was made to some of us at Barton. "So d——d selfish of her," he was reported to have said, speaking of his late wife, to another member of the Diplomatic Service (we understood that

the dreadful habit of swearing was very fashionable at Courts). "So d——d selfish of her to die. Of course she is happy now—but look at me!" The doctor's comment was that the other diplomatist should have replied that his lordship himself was virtually responsible for her death; but we were not informed what reply, if any, actually had been made.

To her two children the poor lady had given liberally of her own ardent disposition, and while Robin, the boy, had gone abruptly out of our ken, not unaccompanied, Sophy, the girl, lived nominally with her father still, and we saw her in fleeting glimpses which very seldom failed to be interesting. The glimpses were fleeting, and her residence with her father only nominal, because she was frequently away from home, paying visits or following her own bent, which included some months of more or less Bohemian sojourn, as we understood, in Paris, where she worked in a studio under some celebrated French master of painting. We often tried to figure to ourselves in Barton what her mode of life in that gay capital, which was to most of us a name for all in the world that was most sinful and seductive, could be like. Now and then we had tried to draw from her a description of it, but it was seldom that she would consent to be expansive. Once, however, in the presence of several people who were taking afternoon tea with Miss Carey, she did launch forth into a description, with details that really were very shocking indeed, especially in regard to the garb, or its absence, of the model from whom the pupils drew in the studio of the great master. There were stories too of evenings passed in places of amusement where there was music, with songs of a character which Miss Sophy herself confessed to be "doubtful"—"but unless you have lived in Paris as much

as I have, my dear Miss Carey, you would not understand the *argot*," she interpolated, as if that was any sign of grace in herself—and even dancing. Before the recital was ended we hardly knew how to look one another in the face, but Miss Sophy went gaily on to the conclusion as if she had not the faintest suspicion that what she was saying was at all unusual in a young lady's mouth. When she had finished her stories, which, to do her justice, were told in the most lively and agreeable manner, she rose up from her chair, went over to dear Miss Carey and kissed her as she said good-bye with the most perfect ingenuousness, shook hands with us all in her own warm-hearted, affectionate way, and left the room. There was a pause of silence, with a slight sense of embarrassment, for a moment or two after she had gone, and then Miss Carey, always so delicately tactful, put us at our ease in a moment by remarking with her rare charity: "Poor girl! It is such a misfortune for dear Sophy that she has had no mother."

It seemed such a charming apology for the girl that it was quite shocking when Dr. Charlton, who was taking tea with Miss Carey on the occasion, burst out with his rude cackling laugh—

"My dear Amelia!" he exclaimed—Amelia was dear Miss Carey's baptismal name, and it was understood in Barton that these two called each other by their Christian names in virtue of having known each other intimately from their early childhood—"My dear Amelia, do you mean to say you suppose for a moment that all those stories that Miss Sophy was telling you were the truth? Do you not understand, madam, that you have been worrying away at the poor girl to tell you all about her life until you roused the demon of mischief in her,

so that she determined to give it to you hot and strong? And so she did give it, didn't she? didn't she?" and the unmannerly little man went on chuckling away to himself in his horrid way in thorough enjoyment of a joke which, if it was humorous at all, was surely an instance of humor in singularly bad taste. Even Miss Carey, in spite of her unfailing gentleness, and a special tolerance, at which we all often wondered, of the doctor's lack of manners, was moved to retort—for her, a little sharply—"Surely, Richard, you do not mean to imply that dear Sophy would be guilty of an untruth?"

To which the doctor, quickly recalled to a sense of what was due to his station as a gentleman, and especially as a guest at Miss Carey's tea-table, replied decisively: "I regard Miss Rivers, Amelia, as perhaps the most absolutely straightforward and truth-telling person that I know."

Afterwards he said to Miss Sophy severely enough (for the two were the best of friends, the doctor had abetted at her entrance into the world, and understood probably better than any one else the nature and the influences that had fashioned her character and her life, and had full appreciation besides of her wit, and humor, and artistic instincts): "What in the world made you talk like that, you naughty girl, to those poor dear ladies? Did you not see them going all colors by turn? I had to perjure my soul for you when you were gone to save your character, and swear that I was certain not a word of what you said to them of your life in Paris was a fact."

"I don't care a scrap, Médecin," Miss Sophy declared impenitently. She always called him "Médecin," or, with a fuller title, *Médecin malgré lui*, roundly declaring that the last thing he ought to have consented to be was a doctor. "For," she told him, "talk about a



good bedside manner—you have about as soothing a bedside manner, Médecin dear, as a growling old bear with a sore head. It might, it is true, reconcile one to one's demise, having you growling about one's bedside. An old Bailey lawyer is what you are cut out for."

"I am sorry for the man that marries you, Miss Sophy," the doctor retorted. "If I had been married to you I should have wrung your neck, long ago."

"And if you were married to me, doctor dear, it would be the kindest thing you could do."

The doctor delighted in her. He had been delighted with her even as a little girl, when he had been called to see her, for some childish ailment, at the Castle, and had found pinned up over her bed, as if it were a text from Scripture, "My favorite Shakespeare text, 'Throw physic to the dogs.'"

This caustic tribute to his profession, so much after his own manner, had won his heart at once.

In later days he declared that she came like a gleam of light from the great world outside, bringing a little sun and air into the close twilight of our life at Barton. We did not quite like to hear Barton spoken of in this disrespectful way, but the doctor had something like a free charter to speak disrespectfully about many things; at least it was not of the slightest use trying to check his tendency to do so. And we all were really of one mind with him about Miss Sophy. Though some of us disapproved of her, every one of us loved her, for we felt involuntarily that, in spite of wildness and unconventionality, there was no doubt of the goodness of her heart. The excellence of her head, as well as the beauty and vivacity of countenance which she inherited from her mother, there could be no question of; and, as Miss Carey had said, we knew

that she had had disadvantages in her bringing up for which it was only right that we should make the fullest allowance. The fact that she was an artist, a painter, also went far to claim indulgence for her for much that was unconventional. Of course we did not know a great deal about artists in Barton, but we knew that they were not to be judged by the same rule as ordinary people. I do not know what we should have thought of anybody else who behaved as Miss Rivers did in a matter that gave rise to a good deal of horror and talk in Barton at the time of its occurrence. For some purpose connected with her art and her painting she required, or imagined that she required, to copy a human skeleton. It was rather horrid to think that there was such a thing at all in Barton, but it was known that the doctor kept one, for purposes of scientific reference, in a cupboard of his laboratory. Miss Rivers therefore drove down to the village in the high dog-cart which she always drove herself, and called at the doctor's house. The doctor was not at home, but Miss Rivers forced herself in, the doctor's parlor-maid, who knew what a favorite she was with him, not daring to gainsay her. She went to the cupboard where she knew that the skeleton was kept, took it forth, carried it out to the dogcart, set it on the seat beside her, and so went off home to the Castle, where she had a studio in the garden, driving the horse with one hand, and with the other arm round the waist of the skeleton supporting this hideous companion of her drive.

The contrast between Miss Sophy's incarnation of vivid life and beauty and the emblem of death beside her must have been extremely startling and terrible to witness. It is said that the groom, who had to sit behind, gave a month's notice as soon as the Castle was reached. He was a ser-

vant who had been with them for some years and was devoted to Miss Sophy, but this was an outrage that was too much for his loyalty. He was, however, induced to reconsider his decision, as they say, and eventually stayed on. But several of the village people who saw the dog-cart with these two striking figures of life and death in it were very seriously shocked. What perhaps hurt the nice sense of the better class more than anything else was, that Miss Sophy did not have the delicacy to drape the skeleton in any way. It was sufficiently shocking that a young girl, for she was not more than twenty-five years of age at the time, should have such a figure constantly in her studio with her, and should be studying it continuously with the purpose of drawing from it, but it seemed a great deal worse that she should be so regardless of the feelings of her neighbors as to drive with it beside her, flourishing, as it were, its nudity in a high dog-cart through the main street of the village in the full light of day. Shortly after driving through the Castle gates she met her father walking in the grounds, and his dismay at the spectacle she thus presented to him may be more readily imagined than described. But he had little to say to her, the truth being, as Mrs. Copman averred, that his daughter was the one person in the world of whom Lord Riverslade was afraid, the reason being, as the same astute judge of character affirmed, that she was the one person in the world who was not afraid of him. Her mother, the late Lady Riverslade, had been terribly afraid of him; she was stung to the heart by those glacial penetrating sarcasms which he had so readily at command and delivered with such a perfection of good breeding and impassivity of facial expression, but the nature of

the daughter, while inheriting a full share of the mother's warmth and vivacity, yet had some measure also of the frigidity of the father's disposition to balance it; and the caustic sentences that would have pierced the mother to the quick glanced off the daughter scatheless. Lord Riverslade had a cultured appreciation of polished wit, and the quickness of his daughter's repartee was a constant intellectual delight to him, even as the social success which she owed to her beauty and charm was his legitimate pride. He felt, as he noted this, that she was a daughter such as he really did deserve to possess, and that in one respect, at least, providence had dealt equitably with him. But, again, when she did that which thwarted his wish, and he rebuked her indirectly, as his manner was, with one of his cold cutting speeches, the first reply of this undutiful daughter was commonly to laugh at him to his face, and the second to exhibit the quickness of her wit by an answer that turned back the barbed point of his sarcasm upon himself. His lordship, in fact, in spite of his facility and delight in saying the words that could hurt, often preferred, according to Mrs. Copman's account, who had the best opportunities of judging, to go round by another way so as to avoid meeting with his daughter on the path of disobedience, or to close his eyes deliberately to the act which offended him, rather than encounter an exchange of repartee with her in which he was so constantly the loser. And at such times as these he felt no longer that providence had been dealing with him according to his deserts. On the contrary, it became his avowed conviction that never before had a man been so ill used by fate in the important matter of his children.

*Horace G. Hutchinson.*

*(To be continued.)*

# THE SCREAM IN LITERATURE.

Every reader of contemporary fiction and magazinedom is familiar with the "scream"—the explosive condemnation, without measure or perspective, of some class, institution, or ethical standard which happens to have irritated the writer's nerves. The things usually "screamed" at would form an entertaining catalogue—Men (by lady novelists), Motor-cars, Churches, the New Woman, Marriage, "Commercialism," Bowdlerism and the Nonconformist Conscience. But more interesting than the objects screamed at is the mental condition that prompts the scream.

What is the emotional limitation, for instance, that sets a popular lady novelist foaming at the mouth at the sight of that innocent triumph of modern science—the motor-car? The human mind seems to be so constituted that the same conservative objections are doled out at the advent of every improvement in locomotion; the motor is simply sharing the fate of the steam engine. But why "shriek" one's objections? The taste for rapid movement is not (*pace* John Ruskin) a symptom of total depravity. The human race has always desired to go as fast as it can; and the poets, from David and Homer to Shelley and Scott, have always seen the fascination of the taste. There are usually some minor disagreeables incident to the vicinity of a motor-car; but the works of lady novelists jar our susceptibilities too.

Still more illogical and incomprehensible is the scream at "Commercialism." To read some violent diatribes on the subject, one would think that "Commercialism" in literature was a kind of unplumbed diabolical influence, giving crude, vulgar, mean literature an irresistible "pull" with editor

and publisher. "Commercialism" is simply the vote of the average man as to what he likes in literature and art. The man in the street reads Marie Corelli and declines to read George Meredith because he likes that gifted lady's mental limitations, and dislikes those of the creator of Sir Willoughby Patterne. The machinery of advertisement and sale has practically nothing to do with it.

The New Woman has perhaps come in for more than her fair share of screaming—on both sides. Why could not "opposite insanities" (in the persons of Mrs. Lynn Lynton and Sarah Grand) have paired, and given us a humanly possible likeness? Of course there are some superficial faults to find with the woman of to-day. Long, long ago, in the feminine Dark Ages (so eminent Woman's Righters always tell us), the one object of woman was to please man. In our generation the reaction has been proportionally violent, and a surprising number of women cannot now take up a pen without (metaphorically) blowing a cloud of tobacco smoke into the average man's face. This is objectionable; but there is no need to scream at it. Rudeness in a newly emancipated class is usually a rudimentary form of self respect, and it is stupid to anathematize a necessary phase of development. On the wider question—the gain or loss to the human race as a whole—the unbalanced screamers on both sides seem to miss the serious issues. Silly remarks about the "slavery" of home, of marriage, of daughters, are met by sillier ones anent self-assertion, unfeminine coarseness and so forth. The wider sociological meanings are buried under a cloud of personal retort.

What is the psychology of the

scream? Primarily, an un-co-ordinated mind. There is a rapidly increasing mental type that *isolates its picture*, sees vividly some dramatic aspect of a case, and cannot see the network of causes that lie below the surface. This leads straight to glaring inconsistencies. Mr. Bernard Shaw screams in favor of Nietzsche, and against flogging in the Navy. Sarah Grand screams at the unfairness of excluding women from the Universities, and then tells us that the male undergraduate is rather unfitted than fitted for life. The third-rate Socialist screams for more "organization of industry," and objects to the enormous wages paid to high organizing ability.

An absence of what may be called *resultant thinking* is responsible for some of the worst specimens of the evil. An increasing number of persons—the fact is remarkable, when we consider the increasing complexity of our civilization—seem incapable of letting two lines of thought enter their minds simultaneously and work to a resultant. If they see the value of the egoistic impulses, they must be disciples of Nietzsche. If they learn the need of altruism, they become Tolstoyans. The want of balance in our great living authors is due to this. Tolstoy, Ibsen, Hardy, Gorky, are great but unbalanced writers. The older Victorians, unless we mistake, were saner than their successors. Macaulay and George Eliot and Herbert Spencer could see two sides of a question; could recognize the value of both impulsiveness and conventionality, of selfishness and of unselfishness, of dogmatism and agnosticism. Above all, they could see the value of institutions which were the fruit of compromise between opposing tendencies. But in our time a popular author is a consistently one-sided thinker, who, when anything goes wrong,

makes a point of swearing instead of finding out what is wrong with the machinery.

The demand for brightness and scrappiness in modern magazines is partly responsible for the scream. If the present writer wished to found a society of any kind for the improvement of the world, it would take the form of an Anti-Scrap Reading Union—there would be a heavy fine placed upon reading of which the literary unit fell below two thousand words. Very few people recognize the evil of constantly reading "paragraphs." Scrap reading means unorganized conceptions; means that the reader does not care about a complex and correct mental picture. And this carelessness is largely responsible for the literary ex-crescence which we have called the Scream.

The increased vogue of the Scream in fiction is largely due to the invasion of the modern woman. Marie Corelli, Sarah Grand, Ouida, Iota, Mrs. Lynn Lynton, Olive Schreiner—these names are certainly not associated with the philosophic detachment like Spencer's, or attic urbanity like Arnold's. It may be argued that woman's wrongs needed a clamant voice, and that only one opinion is possible on the question. Even if this were so, we doubt if screaming is ever a really effective method. The demerit of any institution, class, ideal, or custom is a relative thing, and needs to be stated with complex accuracy. Whereas at least three out of every four "screams" leave the limiting conditions out. Mr. Wells screams at schoolmasters. Does he mean that the man who does the hard and ill-paid work of elementary teaching is a worse specimen than might be expected under present conditions? Or does he mean that the parent and the State should make teaching a "better" profession? Or is the whole attack nothing but a case

of "bilioousness seeking after objectivity"? The last most likely.

The same objections apply to another favorite target of the denunciatory novelist—"the Churches." The vigorous sub-literature produced by Miss Marie Corelli and her kind provoke some inevitable thoughts. If the difference between theory and practice in the average churchgoer amounts to revolting hypocrisy, the argument for supporting instead of attacking the clergy becomes overwhelming. It is either good for people to have a higher ideal than their actual conduct, or it is not. If it is not, the screaming novelist has no *raison d'être*. If it is, the very denunciations of the novelist prove the need for the Churches. Of course Miss Corelli is too non-analytic to see this; and it would be offensive and useless to suggest that a lady novelist who preaches the imperative duty of Christian poverty at £10,000 per annum, and announces no preaching genuine save her own, has

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something to learn in the way of self-knowledge.

If we are really gravely impressed with the rottenness of life round about us, there are far more effective ways of expressing our feelings than vulgar screaming. First of all, let us show an unbounded respect for the exceptions. Is it true that the British workman is a dishonest dawdler? Then let us be sure that we treat the honest exception as one of the world's aristocrats. Let Miss Corelli illustrate the Vulgarity of Wealth by associating with no one possessed of more than £150 per annum; let Sarah Grand treat every man of decent habits as if he were a duke; let the superior person who screams at vulgar literary successes buy three copies yearly of some contemporary poet of limited circulation. Eccentricities of this kind would be proofs of genuineness. As things are, the *Scream* means exceptional want of self-knowledge or exceptional hypocrisy.

R. E. Crooke.

### MISS BRENNAN'S GUEST.

The wind swept over the bogland; it ruffled the hair on Peter Cassidy's goat; it hustled Mrs. O'Dowd's speckled hen, and it taught the autumn's fallen leaves to dance together in the lane. The wind had come from the Atlantic: it had seen the breakers at play among the great rocks of the Connaught coast; it had played among sails and rigging; its bolisterous humor had drowned men, before it came over the bog and round the chapel corner, buffeting Father Sweeny as he crossed the road. It ballooned his cassock and carried his hat into the ditch; another man would have resented this, but Father Sweeny's face showed imperturbable good temper as he picked up the hat and dusted it.

In truth he was elated by that peculiar creative joy of the artist which leaves no room for irritation. He had taken a last look at the *crèche* which was arranged in the side chapel of St. Joseph, and it had pleased him well. It was a masterpiece; no previous Christmas had seen one like it. The old priest rubbed his hands at the recollection. He wondered, too, what Miss Brennan would think of it; he had left her kneeling in front of the cave door, and he was gently certain that she had admired his skill.

Miss Brennan knelt at a *prie-dieu* before the *crèche* and her eyes took in the details. The rock of the cave was fashioned so cunningly of brown paper that at a few yards' distance the



illusion was perfect. In the foreground the Holy Mother, in a very bright dress, knelt by the little manger where the Christ Child lay; St. Joseph was at the other side, and behind them stood a gaily clad shepherd, his fox-faced dog by his side, and his pipes under his arm, for he was making melody for the Holy Family. But the background it was that displayed the cunning skill of Father Sweeny, for here a mirror reflected an unseen picture of pleasant hill and valley where sheep and oxen browsed. The ground was strewn with little furze-bushes and among them stood the toy sheep that the good priest had bought in Galway for two a penny. In leaving his handiwork Father Sweeny had knocked over one sheep so that it stood head downwards in a furze-bush, its stand and wheels displayed with naïve carelessness.

Miss Brennan noticed the awkward situation of the sheep, but it moved her no whit to mirth. She looked at it sombrely and the tears coursed down her fat, pale cheeks. Her lips moved in prayer, but her mind dwelt on temporal matters. The sight of the gaudy little Madonna stirred that self-pity which is akin to devotion. The realization of the first Christmas came to her so forcibly that she sobbed. Then a poor footsore woman had found no shelter but in a stable; she had doubtless been hustled by the rough, and scorned by the proud, and found no comfort but among the kind-eyed cattle and mules. Miss Brennan saw some likeness to her own condition there, and her heart went out to the woman who had been homeless and suffering, for the greatest sympathy under the sky is the sympathy of one sorrowful woman for another.

She blew her nose and sniffed and sobbed undisturbed, and battered the gate of heaven with prayers, excited prayers that grew almost angry, for

Miss Brennan still believed that a miracle might happen, or, something equally unlikely, that death might come just when she desired it. She was, it must be admitted, an unreasonable old woman, as unreasonable as those many silly souls who prefer starvation and freedom to plenty in the workhouse. Miss Brennan wept because she was faced by the prospect of a comfortable small house, a moderate income and a very smooth existence, in exchange for a vast rat-haunted, mouldering mansion set among neglected gardens where Icha-bod was in the air.

Yet this very distressed old Irish lady prayed that she might die rather than reside in the pleasant suburbs of Dublin or any town she liked, where she might keep two servants and have a sufficiency of all things. But human nature in the distressed Irish is a stubborn thing, unchristian at times. Miss Brennan detested that genial youth, Archie Rosenthal, to whom circumstances had forced her to sell the Brennan estates. He had always been very kind to her, telling her his plans, showing her the spot in the old courtyard where he would put his motor garage, and the many places where he would improve the works of generations of Brennans. "You won't know it in a year," said he with his pleasant smile.

He had offered to buy the furniture and silver at a princely price. No wonder, then, that he looked surprised when the obstinate old lady refused £120 for a potato-ring. Its value was more, as the young man knew, but it was unlikely that she knew that. Archie Rosenthal had not learnt the unbuyable value of sentiment.

Miss Brennan wept and besought the Mother of God for death, for that was a reasonable request seeing that the doctor had said that any agitation or great exertion might be fatal. But the shadows fell, and the sanctuary lamps

glowed, and Miss Brennan continued to live.

At last she rose heavily, and making her genuflection with the awkwardness of a very stout woman she went out of the church. The wind caught her and blew her bonnet sideways, then it hustled and bustled her up the road and down the long weedy avenue that led to Castle Brennan, the old creeper-covered house which had known such gallant, silly men and women. She was the last of them, and the same gallantry and silliness were in her blood.

She made her way through the dark hall and up the wide stairs with a heavy tread. She caught her foot in a frayed mat and nearly fell; her heart palpitated violently; making her way to her room she sought vainly for matches. After a quarter of an hour's angry search she found the box in one of her shoes. She lit a candle and surveyed her tear-stained face.

Considering how cold the evening was and how draughty her room, it was foolish of Miss Brennan to put on a low dress, but she did so; it was rusty black satin and adorned with many thousand black beads and bugles. Her neck and arms were beautiful; she adorned them with strange chains and broad bejewelled bracelets; she set huge onyx earrings in her ears. After many grunts and sighs she produced from under her bed a box and took from it a shawl of exquisite Limerick lace. Miss Brennan had been told that the Queen had not one more beautiful. She pinned it round her with an enormous cameo brooch, a veritable breast-plate. Then she kicked off her elastic-sided boots. There were holes in the soles, for she of the jewelery and Limerick lace had barely sufficient to buy new boots; that was the Brennan folly. She did not, it must be admitted, wash her hands, for the water was cold and so was she, very

cold; her fingers were blue and there was a purple mark round her mouth.

She blew out her candle and left the room. A pleasant smell of dinner rose from the kitchen; it heralded the approach of Ellen, the general servant, the last survivor of an 'older, grander order.

"Is dinner served?" asked Miss Brennan in the voice she used for butlers and for Christmas Eve.

"It is, ma'am, plaze, but there's a poor woman just come in, askin' for a bit of bread or pitatie cake; starved she does look, poor soul, and she wid the wee child too. Will I lave her there while I wait on you above, ma'am?"

"She might take something," Miss Brennan suggested.

Ellen laughed bitterly. "'Deed now, God help us, there's not much she'd be takin' from here."

"I wouldn't refuse her bit or sup," said Miss Brennan; she paused and considered, then went on rather quickly. "Don't they say, Ellen, that on Christmas Eve the Blessed Mother of God comes to the door asking for a handful of meal or a bit of bread?"

"They do, ma'am; and those that gives gits plinty agin, an' those that refuse gits the could curse in their hearts."

"Then bring this woman up to the dining-room, Ellen; she shall dine with me for the sake of Our Lady and the Holy Child. And may God save all poor women!"

Ellen shrieked with surprise. "She to dine wid quality in the dining-room, ma'am!"

"Yes, she shall."

Miss Brennan swept past to this act of lowliness with a supremely haughty air. Ellen without further expostulation clattered down to the kitchen.

The dining-room was a vast place, the haunt of time-honored spiders, of mice, and of earwigs. Its enormous

table was decked with a display of silver which shamed the shabby carpet. Two candles, in early Hanoverian candlesticks, lit up the celebrated potato-ring in the centre of the table. Two very old, beautifully wrought coasters contained the dessert, one hard orange, three ancient walnuts, and two peppermint drops, contributed by Ellen's crony, Mrs. McNab. The small peat-fire did not warm the room. The ancestors on the walls looked down with dreary and pompous faces.

Miss Brennan stood at the head of the table, her eyes on the door. It opened, and Ellen ushered in a woman in an old Galway cloak, with a child in her arms. She curtsied to the mistress of the house and spoke the old blessing: "God save all here."

"God save you kindly," said Miss Brennan. Then she murmured grace, and the two women sat down to dinner. Ellen waited on them both, on the grand lady in her lace and jewels, and on the peasant in her old cloak. No one spoke; the dinner passed in silence. When dessert came Ellen left the room. Miss Brennan gravely offered the hard orange to her guest; it was declined, and it seemed likely that this would be its fate for every day of many weeks. Then she rose and poked the fire, and drew a big chair near it. She turned to her guest with a kind smile. "No doubt you are very cold and tired," she said: "come and rest and get warm."

The woman rose and came towards the fire, taking the chair with a gentle obedience.

Miss Brennan did not like children; but she wished to be kind. "Let me have your baby while you rest," she said, stretching out her arms.

Her guest rose, holding out her child.

*Macmillan's Magazine.*

The cloak had fallen away from her and she stood in the dim light, the tall, gracious figure in the likeness of the marble Madonna with the Holy Child in the village church; like but unlike, for the image was but the feeble imagining of some artist, and in Miss Brennan's eyes this child was the transcendent realization of glory and humility, of all graciousness and tenderness.

Miss Brennan felt that her knees were trembling. She stood, arms stretched out, her eyes upon the face of the child. And as she gazed the dim room seemed to shine with the glory of great light, as the little church glowed when the candles were lit at Benediction, and in her heart was realized that happiness which was dimly foreshadowed when she knelt before the altar and listened to the words.

*O Salutaris Hostia  
Quæ cæli pandis ostium*

Mr. Archie Rosenthal was distressed by Miss Brennan's death. He thought it inconvenient and unconventional of her to have died in the dining-room; but he bought all the silver from her next heir, and boasted all his life of the bargain he had made over the potato-ring. Ellen went in due time to the workhouse, and is there to this day. Sometimes when she lies in bed listening to the wind among the trees she remembers that tempestuous Christmas Eve, and Miss Brennan's guest. And being an ignorant old woman she believes that the old legend was fulfilled at Castle Brennan, and that the Mother of God and her Holy Child came there and accepted hospitality.

## THE WAYSIDE IN SWEDEN.

Much ridicule and contempt has been cast upon those audacious people who, after a short visit to a country, venture to write not only upon the sights they have seen, but upon the customs and history and character of the people. Not content with this, they form opinions and express them too upon subjects which those who have lived in the country for years would not venture upon. In defence of such audacious people I will relate two experiences of mine in Sweden which will show that, however slight our qualifications for the task may be, at least they are as good or better than those of the ancient residents in question.

Provided with a letter of introduction, I called upon a gentleman in Stockholm who was a Swede and head of a large shipping firm. He having been kind enough to inquire what he could do for me, I asked to be put in the way of seeing the interesting sights. He replied that he had no idea that any such existed in Stockholm, and on my suggesting such things as the *Codex Aureus*, the relics of the Stone Age, and the site of the famous or infamous Blood Bath, he said he had never heard of such things, and had not a notion where they were to be found. This brought to my mind that when I was an undergraduate at Oxford I did not know where the Bodleian was until a visitor from London took me to see it.

My other experience was equally surprising. I went to the opera in Stockholm, and was given a programme, of course in Swedish. Besides the cast it contained the plot of *La Traviata*, which I found it rather difficult to make out. However, a gentleman with some ladies took his seat

in front of me and began to talk to his companions in English. I wrote on my programme that I was an indifferent Swedish scholar, and should be so gratified if he would write me the outline of the plot. He kindly came and sat by me, and told me that although he was Consul for — in Stockholm he knew very little of the language, but would help me to make it out. Of our combined efforts I will say no more than that, little as I knew of Swedish, I certainly knew more than he did, though he told me that he had been more years in the country than I had been weeks.

It would seem, therefore, that the ability to tell about a country can hardly be measured by the length of time a man has been in it.

I walked across Sweden between April 28 and May 20 of this year. I landed at Gothenburg, but did not take the direct route to Stockholm, but turned northward that I might include Upsala in my way. The distance was as nearly as possible 500 miles, and as I walked every day, except on Sundays, and besides only took one day off to see the sights in old Upsala, it will be found my average daily tramp was thirty-one miles. This is a very high average, and is a testimony to the kindliness of the climate, to the shade by the roadside, and to the fact that the food and drink just suited the walker. My habit was to start about eight in the morning, and I was quite content if I reached my hotel about seven in the evening, giving me eleven hours in the open air, which enabled me to do my tale of miles as well as to look at such objects of special interest as I came across. What I want to bring out in the following pages, is how far such a walk enabled me to

become acquainted with the history of the country and with the prevailing manners and customs. Also, how far I was able to pick up the language, and how far such a walk would open and improve the mind of any who would seek to follow in my steps, either in Sweden, or in any other country.

The famous admiral who surprised his superiors by his readiness to go to the other side of the world at a quarter of an hour's notice, has his equal in the ordinary pedestrian, who practically has no preparation to make at all. The older his clothes the better. A pair of worn but well-fitting boots, and the few necessities he can transfer from his dressing-table to his knapsack, make him ready to start. As my pockets were large enough to carry a book, I filled them with a Swedish grammar and a cyclist's map. My knapsack and contents weighed ten pounds and a half, and thus equipped I stepped ashore at Gothenburg.

With three exceptions I have passed the frontiers of every European country, but never did I feel so like going into the wilderness as when I entered Sweden. First there was the question of language. Thackeray tells us that the founder of the Königsmark family was a Swede, and was sent as an ambassador to the court of Louis XIV. He had prepared a speech to be read to the king when he presented his credentials, but when the critical moment arrived he found he had forgotten his speech, and so far from being disconcerted he repeated a portion of the Swedish catechism, relying upon the likelihood that none present would know Swedish. It is probable that an ambassador to-day might perpetrate a similar fraud with equal impunity. If that be so, where knowledge of foreign languages is part of the business, how little likelihood is there that I, a country parson, should possess the

accomplishment. So I was anxious on that score.

A glance at my map showed me what a great country Sweden was, how thinly populated, and how few and far between the towns were. I saw my first day's walk would mean forty miles before I reached a town, although I kept near the coast, where towns are most plentiful. What if I failed to reach a place of sufficient size to have a bed to let, and I should have to ask hospitality at the nearest farmhouse! The experience of a friend of mine in such circumstances was not encouraging. He was benighted and found his way to a farmhouse, where he was warmly welcomed and promised a bed. When bedtime came he discovered there were no bedrooms, and nothing we should call a bed. Round the walls of the one room were built a number of small cupboards resembling an oven, and into one of these my friend had to creep, clothes and all.

To these anxieties was added another at the office where I changed some money. Acting on my experience in other countries, I supposed English sovereigns would pass everywhere, and all I should want would be a supply of small change. The clerk, noticing my walking attire, asked me if I was going far, and on telling him my destination, he told me I had better take a larger supply of Swedish money, as in out-of-the-way places the people might not know the value of an English sovereign. I followed his advice, but his words had their effect on me, for a place where English gold was not known must be outside civilization.

There are positions in life which the more one looks at the less one likes, so as this was one of them, I did that which I have ever tried to do with the difficulties of life, that is, I face them and they disappear.

There are so many guide-books and



histories of every country, and so accessible are they to every reader who wants them, that there is no need for me to add to their number. I set myself to the task of jotting down what befell me as I walked by the wayside, how the manners of the people whom I met impressed me, how much of the language I was able to acquire, and what were the most interesting sights which met my eye.

To begin with the wayside itself, I never trod viler roads than those of Sweden, and I have sampled those of most European countries. This was strange, for the roads in other parts of Scandinavia, Norway, and Denmark, leave nothing to be desired. Perhaps one reason is that Sweden possesses such excellent water-ways that there is little use for the ordinary roads except between village and village, and for the haulage of timber from the forest to the canal. I learnt, also, that the good roads of Denmark date from the days of Christian II. (1513-23), which was just the time when Sweden regained its independence, and so missed the beneficent decrees about road-making issued by that king. When approaching the capital I found some attempts at road-mending, but as the material used was rough granite, I merely exchanged King Stork for King Log. In the first part of my journey the road was simply a sandy track through primeval forests, and it was only possible to walk on the edge, the rest being as soft as incessant rains could make it. If the roads were bad, it was not likely the milestones would be good. I made out that originally each stone bore the royal cypher, the date it was put up, and the distance from the next important town, but the figure I wanted was invariably obliterated, and the only thing I could make out was the year 1707, when the stone was erected. As next year will complete two hundred years' service, it

may be suggested it is time to have new ones. What I failed to make out from the stones I learnt from the courtesy of the passers-by, when I was fortunate enough to meet one. However, long practice has given me such a good idea of the lie of the country, and of the position of the place I am making for that I rarely need to ask my way, and practically all across Sweden I never took a wrong turn. The chief towns I passed through were Mariestad, Orebro, Westeras, Upsala, and so to Stockholm.

John Stuart Mill says few people learn anything from history except those who bring a great deal to it. I won't say that I should have learnt the history of Sweden simply by walking across it, but having learnt the outline, I filled in a great deal by simply keeping my eyes open. The modern history of Sweden might be said to begin with that Blood Bath of Stockholm, to which allusion already has been made, when in 1520, the last Danish king who reigned over the Swedes, Christian II., had ninety Swedish nobles executed in the market-place. Among them was the father of Gustavus Vasa, who, as soon as he reached man's estate, set about obtaining the independence of his country. No one could notice the statues of Sweden without seeing he was the nation's hero. The absence of any place recalling a famous battle reminds one of Sweden's position outside the battleground of Europe, and if we inquire of the fields where the Swedes made themselves a name as soldiers, they must be sought in Germany and Russia. To the stranger in Sweden there seems no outward signs of any religion except the Lutheran, which is the Established Church of the country, and when Gustavus Vasa adopted the reformed religion, the people with one consent agreed that what was good enough for their King was good enough

for them, and they never had a martyr to correspond to our Ridley and Latimer, or even to our Wycliff. For centuries the rule which is said to have accounted for the prosperity of Venice, that no ecclesiastic was ever allowed to interfere in State affairs, held good in Sweden, and nowhere will the traveller notice more respect paid to the clergy. The intensely Protestant character of the services is such as one would expect when it is remembered the Lion of the North, Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, came to the help of the Lutheran princes of Germany and turned the scale in their favor. It would not be natural to expect that Sweden could have interfered much in the affairs of Europe, and only the genius of Charles XII., displayed in the very nick of time, could have made the mark it did. For the rest, the friendship of Count Fersen for Marie Antoinette, and the choice of Bernadotte, one of Napoleon's generals, to fill the vacant position of heir to the childless Charles XIII., have alone brought the name of Sweden into the page of European politics. As I crossed Sweden, the burying-place of Count Fersen was pointed out to me, and as he was torn to pieces by the mob on the death of the last heir of the monarchy, the whole of the circumstances under which a way to the throne was made for the French marshal was brought before me. The loyalty of the Swedes to their king, alien though the dynasty is, was apparent in every conversation I had; and his strict adhesion to constitutional rule was never displayed by any monarch more plainly than in the recent affair which led to the severance of Norway from Sweden.

The king's sons bear the titles of dukes, and here and there is a residence which you are told belongs to a count, but the title is an empty one, except as denoting high birth, and I

heard the phrase that a count who cannot count (money) counts for nothing. All hereditary posts of honor have disappeared, except among the royal family.

With ordinary intelligence one is able to see how many traces of the old religious belief of Sweden are still to be found among us. Outside Upsala are shown the burial mounds of Wodin, Thor, and Freya, from whom we derive the names of three of the days of our week. One learns there also the reason of the aversion from horseflesh now felt by most of us, for in early days, when an apostate forsook Christianity and sacrificed again to Odin, he signalized it by partaking of horseflesh which was looked upon as a solemn sacrament in the worship of that god. Most people will have heard that the dreaded Viking ships displayed the sign of the raven, but in an old temple of the Asar, or lesser gods, still standing at Upsala, one learns that the raven was the special bird of Odin, and whispered into his ear all the occurrences on earth.

It may require some previous knowledge to put together such outlines of the nation's history as present themselves, but only the open eye is necessary to see the manners and customs of to-day, and the open ear to hear and master the intricacies of the language. Almost the first thing which will strike a stranger is the general level of the people and the utter absence of the wealthy classes. Everybody seems intent upon their business, and there is no sign of a class with sufficient leisure even to read. I won't say there is no literary class, but I cannot imagine it is a large one for in the windows of such few booksellers' shops as I saw, the stock consisted chiefly of translations from Thackeray, Guy Thorne, and W. W. Jacobs, and the serial story running through the newspaper I bought was one by Alexander

Dumas, *afne*. If there is no leisured class at one end of the social scale, there are no "loafers" at the other, for I saw no one in rags, and was never begged of.

Wordsworth's child, who paid two pence to learn manners, was the exception in England, but is the rule in Sweden. I never saw such a well-behaved people. Of course, the best test of politeness is where you are least likely to find it, that is, among boys. Among well-bred people it is taken for granted. On a country road I noticed all boys took off their caps as they passed me, a perfect stranger, and even when I have walked near a school during the play-hour, when boys are generally inclined to be frolicsome, yet they lined the walls and took off their caps as I passed. The Swedish poet Tegner has some touching lines as to how his countrymen never forgot their manners in their misery. When they sent forth their youth to fight for the hare-brained schemes of Charles XII. they set the sails of their windmills going (they had no grist to grind), and so waved farewell to the departing warriors. In the refreshment rooms of hotels and railway stations, where every one helps himself, it might be supposed that greedy habits would prevail, and all the best things be consumed by the first comers, but the supply is so abundant and the company so well behaved that I never observed a breach of good manners in this respect. Never did I see a notice answering to our "Trespassers beware" or "No road this way." Perhaps they are not necessary among a people who are too sensible to do wilful damage, and too independent to intrude where they are not wanted.

A walker across a country will have no great opportunity of observing family life, but he will be in the best position for observing all methods for the entertaining of strangers. The

fact that one of their favorite kings bears the title of Magnus Barn-lock, from the edict he issued allowing peasants to lock their barns against great travellers until they paid for what they took, suggests that trouble in this direction is of long standing. The vast size of Sweden, and the small population, would not make an inn in every village remunerative. Yet in a climate so severe some provision must be made for the traveller, and so the office of keeping the guest-house is taken up in turn by the villagers, like that of guardian or overseer of the poor among ourselves. The holder of the office may give it up at the end of the year, and therefore will not be anxious to turn his house into a regular inn, so entertains his chance guests as best he can. Of course, every fair-sized town has its hotel, but every village must have its guest-house, and the difference between the two will be evident if I describe a visit to the latter. The sign-post at certain cross-roads bore the direction of a village *Gastgivergard*. As the day was very hot, and I had walked thirty miles, the reader will appreciate how keen was my eye for any sign of a place where I might wash and eat and pass the night. Yet I explored the little village of thirty houses in vain for what I wanted. At last I made known my dilemma to two men who were passing, who pointed me out a private house, which they told me was the one I was in search of. I knocked at the door, and being bidden to enter, found myself in a large room full of girls who were busy dressmaking. In the best Swedish I could muster I addressed a question to no one in particular as to whether I could have a room there for the night. "Yes," said one of them, "come in." A girl left the room and fetched an elderly woman, who bade me welcome, and took me up to a bedroom. I asked if I could have after-

noon tea at once, and supper later on. "Yes, I could," and in due time I was drinking tea on the verandah. While so engaged I was joined by a cyclist, who having had beer and bread and cheese went on his way. Soon another traveller appeared, bag in hand, who wanted a bed for the night. I was pleased to see this as I like company, and also like to see the house I am staying in well patronized, as it shows it bears a good name. At eight o'clock I went to the dining-room, and found all the girls at supper, but the elderly woman said that if I would wait a little the girls would soon have done, and in due course, I and two other guests sat down. Next morning I left after breakfast, paying a shilling for my bed, and a shilling each for supper and breakfast. Now the point I wish to make is this: here was a house offering rest and refreshment and all that a traveller could want, and yet there was nothing to show the stranger where to get it. I daresay I passed through many a village in a starving condition where there was food in plenty to be had if only I had known it.

In Sweden it would seem that a paternal government has provided meat and drink and everything else a traveller wants, and the only thing lacking is the information where to obtain them.

One result of this inability to find a place of entertainment was, that although I walked on an average thirty-one miles a day, yet more often than not I had nothing but a quart of milk between breakfast and supper, for which I negotiated at the door of some farmhouse. The charge was only a halfpenny, and for this they would have given me as much bread as I liked, only I could not get my teeth into it. The doctors tell us that milk contains all the ingredients necessary for building up the system, and I can

testify that in all my walks I never felt less weary than in Sweden.

An Englishman can put up with anything as long as a place is clean, and in Sweden cleanliness is carried to a fine art. Its practice begins at the beginning, for whereas in our infant schools, musical drill is the accompaniment to the dumb-bell exercise of the children, in Sweden the children are ranged round the room in baths, and when the music strikes up they begin to rub and scrub one another to its strains. Bathing in the lakes seemed almost universal, and it would be strange if a people so lavish with soap and water for their bodies were sparing in their houses. But they are not, and I rarely saw a dirty cloth or cup and saucer.

Though the cheapness and cleanliness of a country go for a great deal, they are not everything, for if there be nothing to charm and interest, a visit would be dear at any price. So I put down that in the course of my walk from Gothenburg to Stockholm I saw waterfalls as fine as any in Europe. I saw the largest lake in Europe, and for the most of my time I was in a limitless forest. It is true that places of historical interest are rare, and I passed no famous battlefields, and no relics of saints, and looked upon no pictures worth mentioning. However there was plenty to charm one, for the song-birds of the country are unsurpassed. The month of May, during which I was in Sweden, ranks second in the year for the sweetness of the birds' notes, and if there be a connection (as Longfellow's poem asserts) between human and feathered songsters, the furore excited by the Swedish nightingale in the days of my youth is easily accounted for.

Having referred to the sounds I heard, I next chronicle my disappointment at not seeing the sight I longed for, that is the sight of the women and

the girls in their native costume. I saw a few native costumes in Norway, occasionally in church, more often in the hotels, but neither in hotel nor church did I see any such in Sweden, though I walked miles on a Sunday to attend a country service, as more likely to supply the sight of one.

By taking pains my ear got accustomed to the sound of Swedish words, and I could generally make out the subject of the conversation going on around me. I could make out the subject of the sermon, and better still the notices of sales and public meetings which the pastor gave out at the end of the service. I also made out the only news telegraphed from London, the price of oil, and the state of the funds.

In the course of my journey I confided to a Swedish gentleman that I had a wife and children at home, and should wish to take them back some little memento of the country. What was Sweden specially noted for?

My companion thought a moment or two and then replied "Explosives."

In turn I nearly exploded with laughter at the bare idea of taking a bomb or two in my knapsack as a present for my babes, and then begged him to tell me of something more feasible.

But no, he could think of nothing but timber, lucifer matches and paper pulp. There is some excellent machinery made in the country, and Sweden has almost a monopoly of the telephone manufacture, and their stoves are simply unsurpassed. Yet none of these things suggest those little courtesies of life which characterize other nations, and which tend by interchange of civilities to keep alive good feeling.

Meat and drink are most important considerations, especially to pedestrian or cyclist or any one who takes much exercise. After my first day's walk, it was nearly eight at night before I

entered my hotel, and after the necessary preliminaries I was searching for the dining-room.

It must ever strike an Englishman as strange when first he enters a Swedish matsal. For instead of finding the guests seated and expectant, he sees them all walking about with food in their fingers to which they have helped themselves. The two principal Swedish meals always begin with smorgas, that is, the diner takes a slice of bread and helps himself from the dishes of dainty snacks which stand on the table in the centre of the room. He will have his choice of caviare, anchovies, sardines, salt beef, reindeer, tongue and such like cold morsels, and he will take a nip from the urn of spirits which stands in the centre of the table, and the price of which is included in the dinner. Generally a man will sample three or four of the dishes, after which he will sit down to table, and the business of the meal begins. Swedish cookery leaves nothing to be desired so far as they have anything to cook, but an Englishman will miss his vegetables and his fruit. If we except Stockholm, where everything can be had for money, the traveller will not find any vegetables in May beyond potatoes, and only on the rarest occasions will he even get a piece of rhubarb. I asked why jam was not more frequently seen, and was told the high duty on sugar, which amounted to two-pence a pound, made the preserving of such fruit as grew in Sweden unremunerative. Beer was the general drink at dinner as milk was at breakfast.

The first Sunday I was in Sweden was a pouring wet day. I noticed that in most places the church was some way out of the village, and at Trollhattan it was about half a mile away. I got there in good time, which was fortunate, for subsequently it was crowded, even to the extent of having



fainting ladies, for whom, as I sat near the door, I got some water. All the seats were free, the sexes were divided, but, wonder of wonders, the men's side was so crowded out that they overflowed and filled any vacant seats among the women. There was no collection.

As to the general impressions of a country, I am of opinion that no one is in so good a position to form them as a walker. Take the question of population for instance. Such a day's walk as I had between Westeras and Sala would make a greater impression and give a more correct one than if I had committed to memory the population of every town and village I passed. I walked twenty-seven miles that day without seeing so much as a hamlet. I saw one man resting by the roadside and four sellers of milk passed me in their carts, and beside them there was not a soul. A shower of rain drove me into an inn for shelter, and I found the guest-room full of washing. The landlady told me she had not had a caller for days, and so determined on a big wash before callers became more frequent. I asked for soda-water, and she kept me waiting ten minutes while she went to look, for it was so long since she had been asked for such a thing.

The King of Sweden returned to Stockholm one day when I was there. As one is so accustomed to hear of precautions for royal safety, I was pleased to take note where they are not necessary. As the royal train approached it slowed down, and the King coming to the carriage window waved his greetings to his people. I had expected the traffic to be stopped and the way to be cleared, but not even for the entrance of their King must the business of the people be suspended for a minute. Not a tram-car ceased running, and I noticed some carts full of building rubbish blocked the royal

way. Every Tuesday the King receives any one who likes to call and see him. The interview is quite private, and the visitor may have some favor to ask, or some grievance to bring forward, or he may simply wish to make the royal acquaintance. Such a state of things could only exist in a country like Sweden, for in Russia the revolutionaries would come with bombs in their pockets, and in England the rush of snobs to get near a king would be such that a royal life would not be long enough to receive them all.

Few are better circumstanced than the pedestrian for appreciating the effect of habit on the life of a people.

The Swedes work hard, for the main products of their country suggest that nothing but hard work will make anything out of them. However, the working powers of a nation more often depend on personal habits than anything else. When I went to Portugal the captain of my steamer told me the habit of cigarette smoking made it impossible to get a good day's work out of a native, for he rolled his own cigarette (out of your time, of course) and it wanted so much adjusting, lighting and re-lighting as took at least twenty minutes out of every hour. In Sweden the working classes take snuff, a habit which I know will lend itself to any amount of interruption, if you let it, but which can be kept under proper control. Then the limit placed on the number of houses where intoxicants are sold, a limit carried (as we have seen) to the verge of inconvenience to travellers, also cuts off those opportunities for idleness and gossip so fatal to excellent and sustained work.

The people in Sweden are so healthy that the number of doctors is strictly limited. I believe a similar rule applies to dentists. Both doctors and dentists periodically examine the children in the schools, and nip in the bud every incipient disease of the body and

of the teeth. To the care bestowed on the latter I attribute the ability of even their elderly people to eat the hard rye bread, which I tried in vain to masticate.

*The Monthly Review.*

Such are some of the main features which lie on the surface of the life of a country, and my endeavor has been to show that the man who walks is in the best position to see them.

*A. N. Cooper.*

## THE POETRY OF WILLIAM BLAKE.

The publishers and the enthusiasts will soon have done their duty by Blake. Mr. Binyon's and Mr. Russell's books about his art are still to appear, but now we have an excellent reprint of Gilchrist's life,<sup>1</sup> a collection of the letters as complete as it can be made at present and very carefully annotated by Mr. Russell,<sup>2</sup> and a complete edition of the poetical works containing all the Prophetic Books, Jerusalem, the Nights of Vala, and the rest of them.<sup>3</sup> Tatham's Life, never printed before, does not tell us much about Blake that is not in Gilchrist, but it is worth printing, since Tatham in his youth was intimate with Blake, and he gives an account of Blake's character which confirms that of Linnell and others. Mr. Ellis is an enthusiast indeed, and would like to found a Blake society. His enthusiasm exults even in the Prophetic Books. "To understand Vala," he says, "is to understand all Blake," and no doubt he understands Vala almost as well as Blake understood it himself. But if he thinks that there are any deep secrets of life to be discovered in the Prophetic Books, I beg leave to differ from him with all possible deference. There is some disposition now to regard the

Prophetic Books as having a kind of magic in them beyond what we find in the works of the great poets, who have said what they meant as plainly as they could. It is quite clear that Blake did not say what he meant as plainly as he could in them; and therefore the question whether they are to be admired as great works of art is one of some importance, since it involves some of the first principles of literature and of all art. It may be laid down as a first principle that one aim of all great literature is to make things as plain as words can make them; and further that the beauties of great poetry are the result of the effort to express things which cannot be completely expressed in words. Thus there is often obscurity in great poetry, as in Shelley's poem, "Light of life thy lips enkindle," but it is an unwilling obscurity, the obscurity of darkness pierced by a bright light; and we wonder, not at the darkness, but at the light that can reach so far into it. The obscurity of the Prophetic Books is of a different kind, it is systematic and often wilful, partly a matter of arbitrary names and catchwords, partly of imperfect allegory, partly of weak construction. In fact, Blake, though the most honest of men, played tricks with himself when he wrote these works. No doubt the indifference of the world discouraged him in the effort to express himself, so that he came to write for himself alone and satisfied his instinct for creation with

<sup>1</sup> "The Life of William Blake." By Alexander Gilchrist. Edited with an Introduction by W. Graham Robertson. (Lane, 10s. 6d. net.)

<sup>2</sup> "The Letters of William Blake, together with a Life." By Frederick Tatham. Edited by Archibald G. B. Russell. (Methuen, 7s. 6d.)

<sup>3</sup> "The Poetical Works of William Blake." Edited by Edwin J. Ellis. 2 vols. (Chatto & Windus, 12s. net.)

catchwords and formulæ, which meant something to him through their associations, and which may mean something to us if we can get to understand those associations. But these catchwords and formulæ are really only devices by means of which Blake concealed from himself the fact that what he wrote was not poetry but the rough material for poetry. He always had a strong desire to be definite in every art which he practised. We know how he admired the Florentines for their clearness of outline and hated the Venetians for their vagueness. Nearly all his own pictures and drawings have very definite outlines. But in the inferior ones the definite outline does not express an equally definite invention; and in the same way the names of the Prophetic Books often have the mere definiteness of terms covering a vagueness of idea. They remind one of the strange words which metaphysicians invent when they try to think clearly of the unthinkable.

That the Prophetic Books are only the rough material of poetry we can tell from their form as much as from their matter. Form is produced by a successful effort to express great things. Such efforts have made all the forms of poetry. It is the struggle to make words do more than they can do in ordinary speech that has differentiated poetry from prose; and when that struggle grows weak in poets, their poetry tends to lose its form. When the effort of expression grew weak in Wordsworth he was apt to write formless blank verse. Blake, in the same case, produced the half rhythmical prose of the Prophetic Books. We may be sure that an English poet, when he is inspired, will write verse, since verse is the instrument which the ages have made for his inspiration. We may be sure that Blake, when he wrote the Prophetic Books, was only half inspired. He

feared and hated prose like the Devil. Therefore he did not write prosaic blank verse like Wordsworth; but he wrote something which we cannot call poetry because it is too vague for poetry; and poetry, though it deals with difficult matters, is the clearest of all forms of speech. These are plain truths, and there ought to be no need to state them. But unfortunately many writers and readers now seem to be weary of the great ways of literature and to hope that in byways they may find some secrets unknown to the great masters of sense and language. There are no *such* secrets. It is not symbols or catchwords but the noble use of words that gives to them a sense beyond their plain meaning. That noble use is a sign of the effort to express great things; whereas symbols and catchwords are a sign that the effort is declined. We may be pretty sure that in the long run the Prophetic Books will weigh nothing in the world's estimate of Blake's poetry. If he had written nothing else they might give him a certain curious reputation, but since he has written the Poetical Sketches, the Songs of Innocence and Experience and certain other poems, his fame will be established upon these and it will be established very surely. Indeed, I make bold to say that Blake's finest poems are more sure of that long life which we call immortality than any other poems of his time except some of Shelley's. On second thoughts, they are more sure even than any of Shelley's; for, though Shelley's poetry compared with Blake's is like all instruments beside a lonely flute, yet the general mind of man has passed through many states, and may pass through them again, in which the best of Shelley's poetry would be incomprehensible; whereas no state of mind, short of absolute brutishness, can be imagined that would not take pleasure

In *Infant Joy*, or *The Tiger*, or *The Land of Dreams*. These are nursery rhymes that should survive all nurseries and might be sung to wild children in a forest; perhaps will be sung to them when the descendants of the elm trees in Kensington Gardens harbor wild beasts on Notting Hill. When all our litter of bad tunes and bad verses has been cleared away with the fall of our civilization, it may be that one of the immemorial tunes of the world, one of those that were sung in Babylon, will find the little poem called *Infant Joy* and will live with it for some hundreds of years, until that poem dies with the English language and the tune must wander about seeking a new mate.

At first sight, perhaps, *Infant Joy* looks as if it were an easy thing to write. Some might say that there was nothing in it; and if it were read aloud by some one with no sense of its beauty there would seem to be nothing in it; for no poem exists in which the sense depends more upon the right stress and the right phrasing:

"I have no name;  
I am but two days old."  
What shall I call thee?  
"I happy am,  
Joy is my name."  
Sweet joy befall thee!

Pretty Joy!  
Sweet Joy, but two days old.  
Sweet Joy I call thee:  
Thou dost smile,  
I sing the while;  
Sweet joy befall thee!

It will be noticed that it is a kind of dramatic lyric, a dialogue with the baby's part in it imagined and spoken, as it often is by those who talk to babies; and one seems to see the baby being danced up and down all the while. Besides this the metre insists upon certain stresses just like those laid by people who talk to babies. In

the second verse, for instance, there is a strong stress on "pretty," none on the first "sweet," which comes in a rush of tenderness, but a very strong one on the second "sweet," when the word is repeated so naturally that one can almost see the speaker making a sudden rush at the baby's face after the manner of mothers and other fond persons. It is a poem, therefore, which expresses in the most exact manner something which happens every day all the world over. It expresses the most natural and wholesome kind of happiness known to mankind; and does this in twelve short lines without any parade or self-criticism or air of unbending. When Wordsworth writes a simple poem you often feel that he is trying to be simple for your good or his own; and there is too much reason in the Wordsworthian's way of regarding some of his poetry as a kind of purge to be taken for intellectual repletion. There is a Wordsworth Cure; but there is never likely to be a Blake Cure. His finest poems were written in the fullness of delight or sorrow or wonder about simple things; and it is such poems that endure through all changes of mind. We do not know how he came to write them. There is nothing in Gilchrist to tell us that. The *Poetical Sketches* were first published in 1783, when Blake was about twenty-six years old, about the time when Cowper's first poems were published, and three years before the first of Burns's appeared. Blake is said to have written "How Sweet I roamed from field to field" before he was fourteen, that is to say before 1771, and so about the time when Chatterton's poems appeared. Chatterton and Blake were the very first of the true romantics, but Blake is far the greater of the two, judging him only by the *Poetical Sketches*. Romantic poetry had been written before; but, except for a phrase or a line here and there, it had

been romantic only in subject. The novelty of Blake's poetry was that it was romantic in sound as well as in sense; that the words were so used as to seem to have more power and meaning than was in their literal sense. The poetry of the eighteenth century, speaking generally, relied or tried to rely for its effect upon its sense alone. The romantic poets saw that prose may do that, but that poetry, to justify its existence, must have other means of expression; and in certain pieces in the *Poetical Sketches* we find these means employed with perfect understanding for the first time for nearly a hundred years.

Whether on Ida's shady brow,  
Or in the Chambers of the East,  
The Chambers of the Sun that now  
From ancient melody have ceased.

Here, indeed, the words have as much power in their sound as in their sense. Here once again poetry is justified by its form, and the poet is no longer content to be merely more concise than the prose writer. One would give a good deal to know more about the early years of a man who thus rediscovered the glory of a great art in his youth; but there are some significant facts told by Gilchrist. When a pupil of Basire, Blake was sent out to make drawings in Westminster Abbey, particularly of the tombs. Thus he certainly got a remarkable understanding of Gothic architecture and sculpture, and, indeed, of the true principles of all architecture. In a letter written in 1800 he says of his cottage at Felpham:

It is a perfect model for cottages, and I think for palaces of magnificence, only enlarging, not altering its proportions, and adding ornaments not principles. Nothing can be more grand than its simplicity and usefulness. Simple without intricacy, it seeks to be the spontaneous expression of humanity, congenial to the wants of man.

In these words there is a clear anticipation of the doctrines of Ruskin and William Morris; and they were written at a time when no one else had a glimmering of these doctrines, when no one but Blake saw the difference between living and dead architecture, or the importance of architecture as an expression of the life of man. In the same way, no doubt, he saw the difference between living and dead poetry. He preferred the Elizabethans to the poets of his own time just as he preferred Gothic to the architecture of his own time. But he was not a mere romantic revivalist who loved past things because they belonged to the past. When he revived the art of poetry he did so to express his own thoughts and emotions. One or two pieces in the *Poetical Sketches* are like fine Elizabethan songs; but even in that book many of the poems seem more modern to us now than the great works of his successors; and afterwards he wrote poetry that seems newer than anything of our own time, as new, indeed, as some of the choruses of Euripides in Mr. Murray's translation:

Though thou art worshipped by the  
names divine  
Of Jesus and Jehovah, thou art still  
The son of morn in weary night's  
decline,  
The lost traveller's dream under the  
hill.

Mr. Swinburne has explained this wonderful verse and given it a narrower meaning than it seems to bear, a meaning which, no doubt, Blake intended it to have; and yet the words with their sound and cadence seem to convey more than that meaning and to have a power beyond what Blake was conscious of when he wrote them. And so the great poem at the end of the preface to *Milton* seems to have a significance which may not have been



present to Blake's mind when he wrote it:

And did the Countenance divine  
Shine forth upon these clouded hills,  
And was Jerusalem builded here  
Among these dark Satanic mills?

To us that seems the first utterance of Ruskinism, as one must call it for want of the clearer name which no doubt will come in time to a faith that is still too young to have been baptized.

I will not cease from mental fight,  
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,  
Till we have built Jerusalem  
In England's green and pleasant land.

The other great poets of that age seem to have been scarcely aware of the dark Satanic mills that were then growing up to be the tyrants of the future and already were destroying all the beauty of men's handiwork; nor were they much concerned to build Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land. Wordsworth and Coleridge at this time (1804) were giving up Jerusalem as a bad job. Shelley was to build his city of God in the

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clouds, and, though eager to better the world by changes in political machinery, even he, the inspired visionary, had no foresight of the real dangers that were beginning to threaten the life of man. We cannot be sure that Blake had as much foresight as this poem seems to imply. His mind worked so strangely and so much by means of images with a peculiar meaning of their own that it is often difficult to tell how much or how little he meant. But whatever it meant to the man who wrote it, this poem seems to us to be more full of the new faith and passion of our own time than any poem of that age, and this cannot be an accident. We may be sure that in the depths of Blake's vast and brooding mind were ideas half formed and prophetic that sometimes forced their way to the light without his knowing all their significance. He was accustomed to express himself with an audacity that shows he had an extreme confidence in the workings of what we should now call his subconsciousness; and sometimes, as in this case, that confidence was wonderfully justified.

*A. Clutton-Brock.*

## WOMEN AND HYPOCRISY.

It is a curious fact that there are no notable hypocrisies among the women of fiction, and we believe that there are very few in real life. So far as our experience goes—and an experience backed by literature cannot be an isolated experience—hypocrisy is a fault from which women are practically free. Their freedom is the more remarkable because women are not frank. There is, however, a vast difference between want of frankness and hypocrisy. The design of the hypocrite must always be self-interested, and, moreover, his part must be consistently sus-

tained. A liar need not be a hypocrite, although a hypocrite can hardly avoid being a liar. But he must do more than lie. He must lead a false life,—a specially bad life under cover of an ostensibly good one. It is possible to be secretive with a good purpose, and even with a good purpose to make a certain amount of pretence. The benevolent self-control of the best women is apt to run to excess, and to result in their hiding all those feelings, opinions, and even plans, which militate against the peace of the moment. The feminine mind finds it difficult to

distinguish between complete openness and selfish brutality. They forgive bluntness in a man, if they like him, but never in a woman, whether they like her or not. Many perfectly sincere, conspicuously genial, and scrupulously truthful women are more essentially reserved than the most "bearish" and least communicative of their husbands and brothers. Their instinct is to hide. The reason, no doubt, is to be found very deep down in the feminine character, and very far back in the history of the race. Force can afford to be open; skill must of necessity be secret. Those who have not the one will employ the other. Women, too, have a greater desire to please than men, and where not emboldened by their affections the majority of them are more timid. Fear is at the root of many women's reticence. A man can say what he thinks, and he is in the habit of doing so. If he makes himself disliked, it does not strike him as mattering so very vitally; but it does matter very much to a woman, whose whole kingdom is the kingdom of like and dislike. It is strange, when we consider all this, that it is among men, and not among women, that hypocrites are to be found, and that it is from the sex which possesses the greater strength and the greater courage that writers of romance have chosen their typical dissemblers, their Pecksniffs and their Tartuffes, their Bulstrodes and their Stigginses.

One wonders what can be the reason of this moral disparity between the sexes. No doubt women are not so much tempted as men to be hypocrites. They have none of the business temptations which beset men. They have, as a rule, nothing to do with other people's money. It is worth their while, sentimentally, to gain the confidence of their neighbors; it is not worth their while peculiarly. They live at home,

and it is difficult to deceive one's intimates. Most women spend the best years of their lives in the presence of very clear-eyed critics. Children are not an audience likely to encourage hypocrisy. They do not disapprove of self-praise, they simply disregard it; it does not confuse their judgment in the least. But, of course, there are some women who do not fear the judgment of their children, and there are many who have no children to judge them. Again, women are much more used to dealing in moral and religious phrases than men are, and they present a lesser temptation to them. The spiritual training of children must to a great extent be carried on verbally, and the education of her children appeals to a woman's best side. They have an hereditary sense of responsibility in the matter, and a great fear of debasing the sacred coinage of religious phraseology. Even a fairly good woman is never sanctimonious; but then it must be confessed that not all women are even fairly good. Perhaps the reason why real hypocrisy is not found even among women who are not restrained by natural good feeling is this. Recklessness is a quality almost always existing in a bad feminine character, and almost never in a good one. The one vice from which recklessness preserves one is hypocrisy.

All these efforts at explanation, however, do not fully explain the curious moral phenomenon with which we are dealing, and the present writer is inclined to think that a more cogent reason for the innocence of women in this particular lies in another direction. In certain particulars—and they are particulars which cover the temptations to hypocrisy which beset women—the moral and religious standard which society insists on for women is higher than that on which it insists for men, and a high standard makes for sin-

cerity. At first sight the argument sounds paradoxical, but it fits the facts. Cynics no doubt believe, and have preached so diligently as to pervert many, that any heightening of the general moral standard of life and any great awakening of religious feeling result immediately in the production of hypocrites. We do not believe this. If we may answer the cynics according to their cynicism, we would say that where the standard is very high real virtues become a drug in the market; and it is hopeless to trade in counterfeit goods. Hypocrisy flourishes best in an atmosphere of suspicion. Where men doubt the goodness of the majority of their fellows, their virtue, and even sham virtue, make a conspicuous show. To take an extreme instance. If one man in accepting the hospitality of another assures him that his moral principle will prevent him from taking away when he leaves his host's house anything but what is his own, whatever interpretation that host may put upon his words—he may think he is making a joke or contemplating a burglary—he will not be impressed by the guest's unusual virtue. On the other hand, if the same man assures him as they talk together after dinner that he never by any chance takes advantage of another man's ignorance in business, it is very possible that if he has the skill to make himself believed he will raise himself greatly in his host's estimation. In the first instance the moral standard has been screwed as high as it will go, in the second it has not. The same logic holds good in the matter of men and women. If a woman gives the world to understand that she fears God, is faithful to her

husband, devoted to her children, kind to her dependents, and careful in the performance of everyday duties, the world, which is a far simpler and better-hearted abstraction than it usually gets credit for, replies: "Well, so I should hope." It may be bored by the speaker's recitation of her virtues, but it is not in the least degree impressed by them. There is no moral pass degree for women. They can distinguish themselves from the common herd only by works of supererogation, and to such works hypocrisy can hardly pretend. But if a man can manage by open boasting or more subtle suggestion to give his acquaintance to understand that he is truly religious and full of benevolence and domesticity, no small advantage may attend his efforts; and if he is a really good actor, many admirers within the circle of his friends may entrust their money to him. The ideal of the Englishman is still the Puritan ideal. His common standard falls a good way below it. In the vacant space live the hypocrites. Every turn of the screw crushes a few to death.

Are we then reduced to the cynical conclusion that the chief reason why women are not hypocrites is because hypocrisy does not pay them? If our argument be correct, we are forced to it. If we remember, however, the reasons why it does not pay a woman to be a hypocrite, and remember at the same time that moral standards are the natural expression of moral tendencies, and not arbitrary inventions for the convenience of society, we shall not be able to take leave of the discussion without a tribute of respect to the weaker sex.

**THE NEW AMERICAN REVOLUTION.**

Mr. Roosevelt has declared war upon the Standard Oil Company. The legal fight is certain to be bitter and prolonged. It is not less certain, in our judgment, to be practically inconclusive. We mean by this that no legal decision can really prevent the Standard Oil Company from continuing to be what it long has been—a corporation that controls with almost absolute authority the production and sale of petroleum throughout the United States. Nor is it part of Mr. Roosevelt's policy to challenge its essential monopoly. He does not seek to destroy the power of the Trusts, but merely to regulate and restrain their abuse of it. The trend towards economic concentration is a movement he does not profess either to withstand or to disapprove. He is under no illusions as to the possibility of restoring the free anarchy of private competition. He equally disbelieves in the necessity of socialism. His whole policy, indeed, may be said to be an effort to convince himself and his countrymen that the socialistic solution is superfluous. Where Mr. Bryan and Mr. Hearst propose to destroy the Trusts or to place their administration in the hands of the State or the Federal Government, Mr. Roosevelt is persuaded that it may still be possible to preserve what is good in them and to deprive them of their power for harm by a rigorous system of Governmental supervision, by exacting from them a full publicity, and by punishing without delay any and every evasion of the law. But the difficulties in the way even of this moderate policy are immense. Only last month Mr. Roosevelt was virtually confessing that without a broader interpretation of the Constitution by the Supreme Court he could do little or

nothing. Without some increase in the powers of the Federal Government it is doubtful whether the Trusts can ever be driven from the shelter of the States. Moreover the peril of the great corporations is at least as much political as it is economic. We do not see under the peculiar circumstances of America how the regulation of monopolies is possible without a definite victory of the people over political machines backed by consolidated wealth. If discriminations and rebates by the common carriers of the country were stopped, if it were made impossible to crush competition by flooding a locality with goods at cut-throat prices, and if the "tied-house" system were utterly abolished, most of the economic evil in the Trusts would, we believe, disappear. But merely to enumerate such reforms is to realize the hopelessness not so much of seeing them adopted as of getting them enforced. And even if they could be enforced, only half, and in many ways the less important half, of the problem would have been solved.

We do not therefore expect much from the action against the Standard Oil Company. The specific form in which it is now organized may, indeed, be declared illegal and may have to be abandoned. But that assumption in no way alters the essentials of the situation. The substitution of one financial device for another and a readjustment of the relations between the parent corporation and its constituent offshoots will affect nothing that really matters. Indeed, we question whether in a case of this kind the law can do more than create a certain amount of disturbance on the surface. So long as it leaves the Standard Oil Company in the control of the interests and

the individuals that now own it and does nothing to diminish its earning capacity or to break its organized chain of railroad and industrial connections, the public on whose behalf it is invoked will get no practical benefit. Is there then no remedy, short of socialism? There is only one that we can think of—a remedy compounded of public opinion, self-interest, and a higher form of commercial morality. When the Trusts come to realize that to create an atmosphere of public hostility is bad business and that they have more to gain in the long run by velling rather than displaying their strength, and by keeping the law rather than by breaking it, and when they also educate themselves above that disastrous code of ethics which is based on profit at any cost, then and not till then will there be a chance of the problem solving itself. At present with their conscienceless rapacity and oppressiveness and their systematic corruption of politics they are the breeders of an unrest that grows yearly more vindictive and anarchical. The genuine Socialists meanwhile stand by and wait. So far from opposing the Trusts, they perceive that no agency is more industriously sowing the seeds of socialism, and that these huge agglomerations of capital are a necessary, or at any rate a convenient, step towards the socialistic ideal. Every successful effort to deprive Labor of the full and complete rights that go with federate unionism, every collision between Capital and Labor in which Labor is worsted, every trade-union that is beaten or discouraged in its struggle, becomes at once a forcing-bed of socialism. But the American working-man is not yet, whatever he may be in the future, a conscious Socialist. He still fights with the old weapons of physical force. It is only within the last few months that he has even shown any sign of realizing that

the ballot-box may be made an effective instrument of attack. Two days after Mr. Roosevelt had begun his suit against the Standard Oil Company, the Federation of Labor, with a membership of nearly two million working-men, resolved to enter politics as an independent party.

This development, to our mind, will always make the present year a memorable one in American politics. It is true that at the recent elections the Labor party had little effect. The majorities of many men who were supposed to be hostile to Labor interests were reduced, but not one of them lost his seat. No independent Labor candidate was elected, though several representatives both in Congress and in the State legislatures owed their success to the joint backing of Labor and the local Democratic organization. It is on these lines, as a body prepared to work with and through the regular Democratic party, that Labor will undoubtedly achieve its best results. If it holds aloof from both the historic parties, and attempts to run candidates of its own on an independent ticket, it will merely condemn itself to years of futility. Even as it is, much spade-work will be necessary before Labor can be roused to a collective political consciousness and before the iron hold of party "regularity" can be shaken off. That it will be shaken off we do not doubt. That vast agitation of which Mr. Hearst and Hearstism are no more than the preliminary symptoms will not subside until it has obliterated and rendered meaningless all present party divisions, and the Democratic party of the future, we can hardly question, is the party of protest, of the disinherited, of Labor. Already Labor has a long bill of grievances. It has formally demanded an effective eight-hour law in all Government employments, the cessation of competition between convict labor and



free labor, more stringent immigration and exclusion laws, legislation for the protection of seamen, the rigorous enforcement of the anti-Trust acts, the abolition of "government by injunction," the reorganization of the Congressional Committee on Labor, and the acknowledgment of the right of petition on the part of all Government employees. These demands, which were officially laid before the President last March, do not, to be sure, amount to much. In a country less completely dominated by the spirit of

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Toryism and Capitalism they would hardly be worth noticing. But in America every token, however tentative, of class consciousness, has a real significance, and we are profoundly convinced that from these small beginnings the Labor party in America will develop into a national power of the first magnitude. The mere fact of its emergence at this juncture raises with ominous abruptness the question whether Mr. Roosevelt and his policy of controlling the uncontrollable may not have come too late.

### THE EFFECTIVE EXIT.

You know the man who has a talent for saying good-bye; the man who gets into a hansom saying something good, making perhaps a joke or an epigram of quite startling fitness and who leaves you feeling your own inferiority on the pavement. He is a master of the effective exit. He knows the bad art of the anti-climax. He has an almost morbid horror of it. And often when he is talking to you and he has reached, carefully, the climax a look of something like fear comes into his eyes, and, muttering nervously and unintelligibly, he leaves you rather rudely. And this ambition, the ambition to be capable of the effective exit, seems to be common to humanity. You have only to watch two men struggling to say good-bye in the street to realize this. They have said all they wanted to say and more, but they cannot say good-bye because they are still groping after the effective exit. Sometimes one is successful and he goes away with a look of satisfaction on his face, and the other gets also a vague feeling that he shared in the applause. Or they may fail, and then, after a pause, they say "Well?" and

look nervously at each other and part half sheepishly, realizing with some humiliation that they have made bad exits. Watch, too, a man in a drawing-room. He wants to go but he cannot think of a good exit. So he hangs on desperately, boring his hostess and himself. Possibly he drags her to the door by his obvious anxiety, and there, on the doorstep, he keeps her while he appeals for the curtain to be kept up. So they stand, hostess and guest, until the man says something which cannot fail to be a climax and goes away with a comfortable feeling that he has left applause behind him and was not caught, undignified and unprepared, by the sudden fall of the curtain. All of us, this would suggest, like a little of the theatre in our affairs, and there seems to be a general need for something which will give life the dramatic order of the stage. The world, we think, would be an interesting place if the actors were word-perfect; but, as it is, it slightly irritates us, so that we go about lamenting that men do not know their parts and that they forget their cues. We are such amateurs at the game; such "sticks";

and our exits are nearly always failures. So we go to a theatre to see the professionals of life; to see how the game is played; much as we would watch a team of professional football players. Thus you get the amateur stage manager. Wherever he is he is trying to stage-manage. He will work up a situation, choose his cast, give to each one his part, and then, when he is satisfied, will mutter as he goes "I staged that rather well." He is fond of protesting against the dramatic disorder of life. And always it is the exits which offend him. Woman, it seems, is better than man. She is more at home with the last word and better at turning over her shoulder as she goes out of a room. She studies her exits more deliberately; she knows when to go and how to go; she is more susceptible to a climax and she has a more natural gift of disappearance; has more control, in a word, of the curtain. She is, in truth, so clever at the game that sometimes she seems only to enter a room so that she may have an opportunity of making an effective exit. Therefore it is well if you want your peace of mind never to show a woman to the door; one of the conveniences of society is that some one else can do that. Woman excels too at a railway station. Here is a curtain which only she can pull down gracefully. No man ever made a good exit in a railway carriage; only a woman knows what to say when she is leaning out of the window. It is only in the exit from a bank or a post-office that a woman conspicuously fails. She seems unable to distinguish between "pull" and "push." Nature has many good exits. A sunset, for instance, is apt to make you regret that a man cannot fade out of a drawing-room. True, the wind—the vagabond, the humorous drunkard of Nature—goes, at times, somewhat too far, becomes perhaps a little vulgar, but,

on the whole, Nature does little that is not dignified. She has no hurried exits, and in the autumn she makes for herself a singularly effective deathbed. With man the hurried exit has its own purpose. There is little pleasure in kicking a man, but there is an appreciable satisfaction in kicking him downstairs. In politics the value of the exit is recognized. Many great parliamentary reputations have been made by a resignation. It is part of the parliamentary game. Of many members it has been said that they were not known until they resigned, and it may be suggested that one of the easiest ways to get into Parliament is to resign effectively. With some men resignation is a sort of hobby. They join a number of clubs not for any pleasure they may have in being members but so that they may have an opportunity of resigning. They are slaves rather than masters of the exit. They look upon the world as a club which it is worth while to subscribe to because it gives so admirable an opportunity for an effective exit. Possibly few of us are quite free from the offensive affectation that would make an effective exit to death. Charles Lamb used to say that he would like to draw his last breath through a pipe and exhale it in a pun. Charles II., apologizing for taking such an unconscionably long time dying, made a very finished exit. With the Greeks this desire, the desire to look well at the final curtain, was quite general. The Spartan who said to Diagoras after he and his sons and grandsons had all won and been crowned at the Olympic games "Die, die now, Diagoras, for thou canst not be a god" said something typical of man's appreciation of the climax. This is similar, though not identical, with the Roman itch for a theatrical death-scene: the Cato and Brutus pose. And all this ambition can be traced to a

quite simple cause, to man's aversion from parting in cold blood. Especially is this so among the lower classes. A short time ago they had a way of saying "Be good." This was their attempt at a climax on which they could part warmly. Even the policeman does not think he has said good-bye successfully to the cook unless he

makes her turn over her shoulder as she leaves to smile at some final clumsy joke of his. He, like the rest of us, hankers after something of the stage, and as he goes home he likes to be able to remember the turn of the head; to be able to admire her exit and his own; to think that, after all, his life is not badly written.

*The Saturday Review.*

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**"PAGES IN WAITING."**

Pages in waiting? Nay, who waits  
 For us, old servitors disbanded;  
 Once argosies with sumptuous freights,  
 But now irrevocably stranded;  
 Who cons to-day Horatio Jones,  
 Augustus Smith, or Della Sherwood?  
 Unnoticed now as roadway stones,  
 Or splintered chips of sapless firwood.

We pine within our glass-doored jail  
 In some prim spinster's quiet parlor.  
 Neglected, we would gladly hail  
 Even a literary snarler.  
 We shiver in November fog  
 On some street-vendor's gas-lit barrow,  
 For all our warmth of dialogue,  
 Our scenes that glow, our plots that harrow.

Bard, essayist, cleric, lawyer, leech,  
 German, French, Irish, Greek, and Roman,  
 Swathed in his dingy cere-cloth, each  
 We yield to one impartial foeman,  
 Old Time, who deaf to titled names—  
 Lord Aylmer, or Count Abernethy—  
 Drops journals of kings, dukes, and dames,  
 Down yon black stream, the stream of Lethe.

*The Speaker.*

*T. de P.*

### THE RHODES SCHOLARS AT OXFORD.

The time is still distant when it will be possible to appraise the far-reaching effects of Mr. Rhodes's great Imperial endowment at Oxford. Not till many generations of Rhodes scholars have passed through the University and taken their place in the public life of the various portions of the British Empire, or of those foreign countries which Mr. Rhodes wished to bring into closer touch with ourselves, will it begin to appear how far the results wished for by Mr. Rhodes will really have been achieved. But it is already possible, in the early weeks of the third academic year during which Rhodes scholars have been in residence, to say something of the class of men who have availed themselves of the opportunity offered them and of the part they have played in University life. There are at present 161 Rhodes scholars at Oxford, of whom 71 come from the British colonies, 79 from the United States, and 11 from Germany. The selection of the candidates is carried out by local selection committees guided in their choice by the suggestions contained in Mr. Rhodes's will, but the candidates have first to pass certain qualifying tests. The selected scholars then send in a list of colleges they wish to enter in order of preference, and the college authorities in their turn pick out from the scholars who wish to come to them those whose record seems most satisfactory. Judging by the results, Balliol seems to be the most popular, with 17 Rhodes scholars, Christ Church and Worcester following next—presumably for rather different reasons—with 13, Oriel, Mr. Rhodes's own college, having 11, and scarcely any college being without its quota.

As regards the studies chosen by these scholars, their taste is evidently very catholic, though the proportions in which the different honor schools are selected by them differ considerably from those selected by the product of the public schools in this country. Twenty-seven are reading Jurisprudence, 23 *Literæ Humaniores*, otherwise "Greats," 18 Modern History, 16 Science, and 12 English Literature, while a very considerable number of the older scholars, instead of taking the ordinary B.A. schools, are reading for the B.C.L., B.Sc., B.Litt., and B.M. degrees or for the special diploma in Economics. On the whole, in so far as any of them have yet been tested in the schools, they have achieved a very high degree of success. The Ireland and Craven Scholarships, the blue ribbons in classical work, have been awarded to Mr. H. J. Rose, of Quebec, who has also secured a first class in Honor Moderations, and has been made an honorary scholar of Balliol. Mr. J. C. V. Behan, of Melbourne, passed first class in Jurisprudence and in the B.C.L. examination in the same term—a most unusual performance—secured the Vinerian and Eldon Law scholarships at Oxford, and, it is believed, narrowly missed securing an All Souls Fellowship three weeks ago. He has also passed first class in the Final Examination to the Bar and first class in Criminal Law Procedure and Constitutional History, winning two £50 prizes. In all, this one scholar has won close on £1,000 in scholarships during the past year. In view of this it is interesting to note that his selection by the committee in Melbourne gave rise to public meetings of protest at Melbourne University on the ground of his

deficiency in athletic prowess, a consideration upon which Mr. Rhodes laid some stress. Six other scholars secured first classes, and fully 20 have achieved distinction of some sort or another in examinations. Two Australian scholars have been appointed probationary students under the Indian Forestry Department, the beginning, one may hope, of a long line of colonials in the Imperial administrations which have been far too much a preserve of the United Kingdom. The great majority of these academic distinctions have been achieved by colonial students, the Americans, in spite of their greater numbers, quite failing to keep up with them, probably because the prospect of coming to Oxford to study appeals less to American students, and the competition is consequently less keen.

From the athletic point of view, however, the Americans more than hold their own. This year Mr. P. M. Young won both the long and high jumps at the University sports; Mr. H. Sutton won the three miles, Mr. W. E. Schutt was second in the mile, while Mr. A. M. Stevens put the weight and threw the hammer. The Colonies have taken no prominent part in sports except South Africa, which provided half the "scrum" of the University Rugby team in 1905, three of them old boys from St. Andrew's, Grahamstown.

As regards college life in general experience has been quite sufficient to dissipate all doubts that were at first entertained as to the way in which the new elements would get on with

the old. In a few colleges the Rhodes scholars may possibly tend to keep together a little, especially the Americans, but not more so than Etonians or Harrovians or Wykehamists, while in the great majority of cases they become completely absorbed in the ordinary body of undergraduates. This applies also to the German students, who are, however, practically excluded from scholastic distinction by their shorter period of residence, and from athletic distinction by the general character of their previous education. The substantial amount of the scholarships, £300 a year for three years, enables the Rhodes scholars to take part in every aspect of Oxford life—which was essentially Mr. Rhodes's desire—and, if they are reasonably economical, to maintain themselves during the rest of the year. A great many of them have utilized the opportunity of their vacations to travel on the Continent and acquire a knowledge of European languages. Of the effect upon the rest of the University it is still too early to speak. But the outlook of the ordinary undergraduate cannot fail to have been broadened by associations with men from overseas, not brought up on the ordinary public schools tradition. Nor is it unlikely that friendships with colonial students will lead to a greater development of travel in the Empire, and perhaps even to a greater emigration of able and highly-educated men, of whom at present we send so small a proportion compared with the emigration of working men and farm laborers.



## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

In "The School for Donkeys and Other Stories" Mrs. Manners Lushington spins a succession of ingenious yarns such as delight children about the fabulous adventures of the white rabbit, the grumpy pig, the obstinate boy, the fairy and the teapot, and so on. The morals are good but not obtrusive, and the illustrations will add to the youngsters' pleasure. E. P. Dutton & Co.

An exquisitely printed volume sure to be coveted by every mother, aunt and teacher who sees it is "A Little Book of Courtesie." Written in Katharine Tynan's characteristic style, with a foreword and last word in rhyme, and fourteen short chapters in quaint prose, each with an apt illustration by Charles Robinson, it is as attractive and serviceable a manual as could well be devised for the earliest lessons in propriety and kindness. E. P. Dutton & Co.

The motive of a confused identity, which was so strikingly employed by the author of "The Masquerader" is being a good deal overworked in later novels. When there are two or three instances of it in a single plot, as in "Blindfolded," by Earle Ashley Walcott (The Bobbs Merrill Co.) the credulity of the reader is rather severely tested,—the more so that the style of the book is crude and its incidents sensational.

The scope of Mr. William Anthony Spinney's volume "Health Through Self-Control in Thinking, Breathing, Eating," is sufficiently defined in the title. The moral value of self-control is so great that it is worth while to

have the virtue inculcated from any point of view and re-enforced by the most practical considerations. If Mr. Spinney's studies and experiments lead him to emphasize chiefly the hygienic side of the subject his appeal has a wider significance, for mental and spiritual health are closely linked with physical. The Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.

Mr. Arthur Rickett means no disparagement when he takes Hazlitt, De Quincey, Borrow, Stevenson, Jerfries and Whitman as types of "The Vagabond in Literature" and treats them in a volume bearing that title. He merely finds in them all that restlessness, that passion for the Earth and that aloofness from men and women which he regards as notes of the vagabond in literature, and he writes of them all, their characters, their careers and their writings, with a lively if not always a discriminating sympathy. Each of the six studies is illustrated with a portrait of the subject. E. P. Dutton & Co.

The latest volume in the "Master Musicians" series published by E. P. Dutton & Co. is devoted to the eminent Russian composer, Peter Tchaikowsky, and is the work of Edwin Evans. It is necessarily brief, but well-proportioned. It presents first a sketch of the life of the composer, from his birth at Votkinsk in 1840 to his death from cholera at St. Petersburg in November, 1893; and then reviews his career as a musician, and treats sympathetically but discriminatingly his works. The book is illustrated with several portraits of the composer, and of his father and

mother, and with a view of his birth-place and a fac-simile of his manuscript.

So far as the title gives any hint of its character, Ralph Waldo Trine's "In the Fire of the Heart" (McClure, Phillips & Co.) might be a novel, a poem, a drama, or almost anything. It is, in fact, a fervent and serious consideration of social and industrial tendencies of the time, voicing the widely prevalent discontent with the widening breach between the very rich and the very poor, and directing attention to many existing evils in our social state which are easily forgotten because they are so familiar. It may be thought that the author exaggerates these evils or that his remedies are unworkable, but there is something arresting about the manner in which he presents his case.

"Court Life in the Dutch Republic" finds a justly appreciative chronicler in the Baroness Suzette Van Zuylen Van Nyevelt, and, as her story is illustrated chiefly by pictures originally made for Dutch works and by portraits of Dutch personages, it lacks nothing to make it memorable and impressive. The period covered is that fifty years preceding the migration of the sovereigns to England, during which the paradoxical title was justified. The story of the Revolution closes the book, and, being narrated as a personal matter, it assumes an air different from that worn in histories more concerned with English politics and English religious quarrels, and Queen Mary is set in such a light as to justify Burnet's eulogy. E. P. Dutton & Co.

The new edition of Mr. W. H. Hudson's "A Crystal Age," first published in the 'eighties, and "colored," as he

says in his delightful preface, "by the little cults, crazes and modes of thought" of that period, is indeed crystalline in its temper and expression. The Utopia which he portrays, unlike most of those with which current fiction has made us familiar, is not developed, even by some cataclysmic change, out of our present social order, but is placed at a distance of so many thousand years as to seem wholly unrelated. Presented thus, as a dream, not a scheme, the reader is able to view it without the irritation produced by the sense of personal argument and appeal, and to enjoy tranquilly the limpid beauty of Mr. Hudson's descriptive passages. E. P. Dutton & Co.

St. Paul is not the chief character in Miss Elizabeth Miller's "Saul of Tarsus," but Marsyas, the Essene, the friend of St. Stephen and the lover of Lydia. In the interval separating the death of the protomartyr and the conversion of Saul, the author sets all the action of the story, which is equally divided between the gradual turning of the Essene's mind from his own creed to that of the Nazarene, and the affairs of Herod Agrippa. It is not therefore as a tract that the story is to be judged but as an historical novel and as such it must be given fair rank, although hardly to be counted among the first. It is not overloaded with minute details of the life of the first century, and it is entirely free from the pictures of licentiousness by which too many novels of its time recommend themselves to the coarse and the prurient. On the other hand, the narrative lacks briskness and occasionally repeats itself, and the hero is uninteresting to the Gentile reader to whom the Jewish sectarian names have slight significance. The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

